



# THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION  
DEVOTED TO BORDER HISTORY

Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at New York Post Office by STREET & SMITH, 238 William St., N. Y.

No. 30.

*George Williamson* Price, Five Cents.



"NOW I PLAY REVOLVERS AS MY TRUMPS, PARDS!" CRIED BUFFALO BILL, LEVELING HIS REVOLVERS OVER THE SADDLE.—(CHAPTER CXXX.)





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No. 30.

NEW YORK, December 7, 1901.

Price Five Cents.

## BUFFALO BILL'S VICTORIES.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

### CHAPTER CXXIV.

#### THE REDSKIN HEIRESS—ON THE WAY TO THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

Poker City was a characteristic border town in the heart of a mining region, and its denizens were of a type that did not inspire perfect confidence in a stranger at the first glance.

Still, beneath some of those bearded faces honesty and nobleness were hidden, the work-worn hands could give a square grip, and a true heart beat under the coarse woolen shirt.

Many—in fact, most of them—were men "on the make," and adventurers living for the purpose of making a fortune in the easiest way to themselves.

But there were others who had come there to work hard for fortune's smiles, and to take the yellow metal they had dug from the earth, back to the loved ones in the far-away homes.

"The Irish Stew," was the principal hotel of the place, if it even could be designated under that title,

and then there were the cabins of the miners, a score of stores, double that number of drinking shops and gambling saloons, the grandest of the latter being "Paddy's Pasture," as the sign read.

Then there were several blacksmith shops, a jail, which was used for preaching in, when there was a parson to preach, the prisoners, if any, being ironed during the service.

Such was Poker City at the time I write of, and it is no wonder that a young man, who alighted from the noonday stage, before "The Irish Stew," gazed somewhat curiously around him.

He was a man of large stature, well-formed, dressed in a corduroy hunting suit. He wore a sombrero and top boots, and had a face that was good-looking, resolute, fearless and yet a trifle cunning.

If he was armed, he wore his weapons under his sack coat, and looked, what many believed he was, a huntsman, or a stage line or express agent.

Upon the register of the hotel he wrote his name in a bold hand, and it read:



"Markoe Mann—St. Louis."

He asked for a pleasant room, said he expected to remain some little time, wished to know where he could purchase a good horse and procure a good guide.

These questions he asked of the "Governor," as the landlord was called, and who had come to the proprietorship of the hotel through the death of the former owner, Bouncer Brooks, who had laid a plot for the assassination of Buffalo Bill, and been promptly caught in his own death trap.

"Governor" Dave had been the "Boss of the Bar," before, and felt his dignity greatly by his promotion.

To Markoe Mann's question he answered:

"I can sell you as good a horse as you ever backed, and that belonged to my late lamented friend, the former proprietor of my hotel.

"I can give you pleasant quarters and good hash as long as you pay for them, and I'll find some one who can tell you about a guide.

"Come, take som'in an' then go in and get your dinner while it's hot, for I hate cold victuals, an' you look as though you might do the same."

Markoe Mann accepted both invitations of the Governor, and when he had taken his seat at the hotel table he found next to him a man who had a youthful-looking form, but whose hair, worn falling upon his shoulders, and beard, which fell to his waist, were almost snow-white.

His eyes were black and piercing, his face bronzed and ruddy, and there were few that could guess within a quarter of a century of his age.

He wore black buckskin leggings, a hunting shirt of the same material, top boots, a belt of arms, and a black sombrero lay by his chair.

"I heered you ax fer a guide, Pard Stranger?" said the man, addressing Markoe Mann, after he had taken his seat.

"Yes, I wanted to engage a good man for some work I had on hand.

"Do you know of such?"

"I does."

"Is he in Poker City?"

"He are."

"And can be relied on?"

"For what biz?"

"As a man who will not shirk danger or hardship!"

"He can."

"And is thoroughly acquainted with this country and the Indian tribes?"

"He are."

"Then he will suit me. What is his name?"

"Buckskin the scout."

"Where can I find him?"

"Right here."

"Where?" and Mann glanced up and down the table at the few boarders still eating.

"I are Buckskin the scout."

"You?"

"Yas; don't I look it, Stranger Pard?"

Markoe Mann looked at the buckskin suit and white hair and beard, and said honestly:

"You do."

"Ah! yer thinks I needs recommendations as ter bein' ther scout?"

"I do not doubt your capacity, sir, and if you are known here as a scout of ability I will engage your services."

"Ask ther Governor ef I hain't a man thet knows a pony track from a buffler bull huf."

"Well, come to my room after dinner and we will talk it over."

"I'll be thar, pard."

Markoe Mann having finished discussing the dinner, sought "Governor Dave."

"Do you know a man here by the name of Buckskin?"

"I do."

"Well, is he a good scout?"

"No one has a better reputation as such, though little else is known regarding him."

"Tell me what you know of him, please?"

"Well, he has led the Vigilantes in several of their expeditions, is as brave as a lion, and was once the only survivor of a party of strangers that went over an Indian trail.

"He lives now somewhere in the mountains, and alone, comes to town very seldom, and only to buy provisions and sell pelts.

"He is in town now and might be willing to be your guide."

"He is willing, and I will engage him as such," and Markoe Mann went to his room, where soon after he was joined by Buckskin.

"Be seated, old man, and fill up your pipe," said Mann, as Buckskin entered his room, in answer to the call to "come in."



"I doesn't smoke, pard, fer it onsteadies the narves, an' seldom are it I takes tanglefoot, fer thet makes a man jerky, an' one in my biz hes ter be sure he kin hit dead center when he has call ter shoot."

"This is a pretty wild place, Poker City, and a man's life is not worth much here?" volunteered Mann, inquiringly.

"Well, it are a leetle tough, in its ways; but then a man's life are wuff jist as much ter him here as it are in other places, only thar hain't as many as kin take car' o' the'rselves, an' ther law don't help 'em.

"As fer me, I are not meddlesome, but ef I are called on ter subscribe ter a entertainment, I allus tries ter be lib'ral. Now, pard, what are yer name?"

"Markoe Mann."

"Whar does yer hail from?"

"St. Louis."

"A likely village, I has heerd; waal, what kin I do fer yer?"

"You know this country well?"

"I does, from Oregon ter Texas."

"You are acquainted with the Indian tribes who are in the vicinity?"

"Yas, an' they is acquainted with me."

"Do you know the tribe of Black Bear?"

"I does, and ther B'ar hisself."

"Indeed; then you are the man I want," said Markoe Mann, eagerly.

"I guess I are," was the laconic response.

"Does Black Bear have his village far from here?"

"A purty long jump."

"He is a great chief."

"He is ther boss of 'em all, an' squar', too, fer an Injun."

"Has he any family?"

"Fambly?"

"Yes, a wife and children?"

"Waal, he had a white wife, which he tuk from a settlement, she goin' with him as his squaw, ter keep his warriors from massacrein' ther settlement."

"What became of her?"

"She were too high-toned ter live in a tepee, an' she tARNED her toes up ter ther daisies jist one year an' a half arter she became Mrs. Black B'ar."

"Did she leave any children?"

"Yas, pard."

"How many?"

"Waal, some says two, an' then I hes heerd thet one are ther child of Bear's second wife, who was

the daughter of a chief, whom he married shortly arter marryin' his first wife, ter consolidate ther tribes.

"Yer knows, I reckon, thet Injuns is like Mormons, they kin hev more'n one wife?"

"Yes, so I have heard."

"But, tell me, Buckskin, was this child by his first wife a boy or girl?"

"She were a girl, an' t'other one, by ther Injun wife, he were a boy."

"Do you know her name?"

"They calls her Red Dove, but she can show ther claws o' a wildcat, when she are cornered, and are as good on ther trail an' ther shoot as any warrior in ther tribe.

"Ther boy are calt Iron Eyes, an' he hev already won his eagle feathers, an' ther two tergether, an' they hunts as a pair, are a team as no man w'u'd find it healthy ter tackle."

The eyes of the young lawyer sparkled with joy at the discovery he had made thus far, and he mentally congratulated himself upon being so fortunate as to meet Buckskin.

"Tell me, my friend, when did you last see this maiden?"

"Red Dove?"

"Yes."

"About two weeks ago."

"Is she pretty?"

"Purty hain't no name, pard, for she are jist der-vine."

"How old is she?"

"'Bout sixteen or thereabout."

"She has the Indian complexion, of course."

"Oh! she do show thet thar's Injun blood in her veins; but then there white blood o' her ma are more evident, an' she were a beauty."

"You knew her mother, then?"

The old scout fairly started at the question, and a strange fire flashed in his eyes, while he seemed about to make some quick reply; but checking himself, he said, quietly:

"Yas, I knowed her."

"What was her name?"

"Lou Lorin."

"There can be no mistake," muttered the lawyer, half aloud, and then he asked:

"Does the Red Dove speak English?"

"As good as I does—— Waal, I'd better say as



you does, fer my English are jist a leetle off color, as yer may hev observed, pard."

"But she is not educated?"

"Pard, don't yer show yerself a greenhorn, ef yer means by eddication ther l'arnin' she hev got out o' books

"But ef yer means ridin' a bar'back mustang, shootin' a bow an' arrer, throwin' a lariat, hittin' dead center with a rifle an' pistol, an' throwin' a knife whar she aims it, she are ther best eddicated gal I ever seen.

"They do say a missionary what dwelt a long time in ther tribe taught her book-larnin', but I doesn't know that."

"Well, my man, I have come out West jist to see the Red Dove."

Old Buckskin looked his surprise.

"What! does yer intend ter git her ter travel with a cirkiss as ther most beautiful Injun gal on top o' ther 'arth?"

"No."

"Does yer want ter marry a Injun gal?"

"No. I suppose I can trust you?"

"Yer kin ontill death do us part."

"Well, as I told you, I am a lawyer."

"You don't say?"

"I am in charge of a property that was left by one Captain Fred Lorin to the child of his daughter, the same Lou Lorin that married Black Bear."

"A Injun gal with money?"

"Yes, and it is a large fortune at that.

"Now, I have come here to meet this Red Dove, who is the heiress, and tell her of her good fortune, urging that she return to St. Louis with me and take possession of it."

"Lordy! but is yer hitched, pard?"

"I don't understand."

"Is yer married?"

"Oh, no, I am a single man."

"I see; waal, yer wants me ter arrange fer yer ter see ther Red Dove?"

"I do."

"What are yer willin' ter plank?"

"How do you mean?"

"What amount o' dust are it worth ter yer ter see ther gal?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"My scalp are worth more than that."

"Then it would be dangerous to go to Black Bear's village?"

"Jist try it, pard; but afore yer leaves let me hev a lock o' yer ha'r ter send yer parints, fer ther Injuns w'u'd take ther rest."

"I have no desire to be killed, but I will risk any danger to see the Red Dove."

"Yer see, old Black B'ar did love thet white wife o' his'n, thar's no doubt, an' she made a good Injun o' him, an' eddycated him all she c'u'd.

"Waal, all thet love, an' more, too, he hev give ter her child, an' ther man as goes to take ther Red Dove away from him hes a hard road ter travel, I kin swar."

"Then there must be some secret arrangement made to see her?"

"Yas."

"And can you arrange to do this?"

"I kin."

"What is your price?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"That is a large sum."

"I hev a large scalp lock."

"Well, you arrange for me to meet the Red Dove, and I will pay you the money."

"I tell yer, pard, jist leave it with a friend o' mine in town, ter pay it ter me when I brings a order from you, or give it back ter you ef I doesn't take yer ter ther gal.

"Thet are fa'r an' squa', hain't it?"

"Yes, and I will do as you wish.

"Now, when shall we start on our trip?"

"In a week's time, fer I hes got ter l'rn ther doin' o' a feller o' ther gal's, an' who would fight ther devil ter sarve her, ef he thought we meant any harm to her."

"But, on the contrary, I mean only good to her. But who is this man?" asked Mann, somewhat anxiously.

"A fr'en' o' hers."

"An Indian?"

"No; he are cl'ar white, an' a terror."

"A bad character, you mean?"

"He are ther baddest man in these parts on ther shoot, an' Poker City knows it."

"But who is he?"

"You'll find his name on ther tavern register when he comes ter town, an' he do sometimes, as Buffalo Bill, ther Dead-Shot Scout."



"Ha! Buffalo Bill, the famous frontiersman?"

"Ther same."

"He is known all over the country."

"He are ther terror in these parts, an' yet he are a peaceable man when they doesn't rile him."

"And he lives here?"

"No, pard; he has a ranch they say is haunted 'way off in ther mountains."

"Ther boys went thar ter git acquainted with him, an' they succeeded, an' he hev helped ther Poker City graveyard along amazin'."

"He run ter cover ther Red Robin, a renegade of ther mountains, and then Devil Dan, our Vigilante cap'n, who were playin' a double game, fer he were a road agent, too, an' Red Dove an' Iron Eyes, her half brother, helped him in them scrapes, an' ther gal an' Old Black B'ar on'st tuk keer o' Buffalo Bill when he were wounded, so he sits great store by thet Injun fambly."

"But I have come here for the good of the girl, and I shall allow no interference from Buffalo Bill or any other man," said Markoe Mann, sternly.

"Pard, thet hain't ther question as ter what yer'll allow; it are what Bill will allow."

"He must keep clear of me or there will be trouble."

"You talks an' looks grit, pard, an' I believes yer'll back up yer words."

"But ther best plan are not ter let Bill know about yer wanting ther gal, an' then thar will be no trouble."

"Did yer ever write a letter ter ther Injun agint here about ther gal, an' a fortin' left her?"

"Yes," answered the lawyer, with surprise, and then he added:

"But I got no answer."

"More'n likely, as ther letter were tuk from ther mail by ther road agint, Chief Dan, an' fell inter Bill's han's as a inheritance, he hevin' got him strung up fer ther safety o' ther commoonity."

"Buffalo Bill 'vised the gal ter go East with a young man, an' see ef thar were any truth in it, an' thet young feller tried ter force ther gal ter marry him, kept her tied in a cave, an' as Bill met a friend who had jist come ther way they went, an' hadn't seen 'em, he got anxious, struck thar trail, an' thet young feller jist tarned his toes up ter ther daisies."

"Then Bill tuk ther gal back ter her people."

"This didn't leak out in general, pard, but I

knows about it; so yer see I hes heerd o' this fortin' fer a Injun heiress afore."

"So it seems; but does this Buffalo Bill love the girl?"

"No, pard, he be married."

"Well, arrange it your own way for me to see her."

"I'll do it, an' first find out jist whar Buffalo Bill are, an' what he are doin'."

## CHAPTER CXXV.

### BUFFALO BILL AND THE MONTANA BULLIES—ON THE ROOST TRAIL.

The morning following the departure of Old Buckskin and the lawyer on the hunt for the Indian heiress, a horseman rode slowly into Poker City.

He was a man of splendid physique, over six feet in height, broad-shouldered, and sat his horse, a superb animal, with the ease of one born in the saddle.

The bridle and trappings, the saddle and serape, the last in a roll behind the saddle tree, were of the finest kind and very showy, and the black animal stepped proudly as though he had pride in his outfit and rider.

As his coat was open, a gold buckle that fastened the ends of a leather belt was visible, and this contained two revolvers and a long bowie knife, while above his boot legs were sticking the butts of two more revolvers, most easily gotten at if needed.

The face of the man was a study for an artist, for it was clear cut in every feature, fearless to recklessness and resolute to sternness.

The eyes were dark and full of fire, and seemed to look one through and through, and the hair was very long, falling below his shoulders, and of a dark-brown hue and wavy.

A mustache with long ends but half hid the determined mouth, and the rows of even, milk-white teeth.

Altogether, he was a man to do and dare, to win love and cause fear, a bitter foe, a true friend, one who asked no odds and took all chances, calm as a May morn in the greatest danger, and deadly as Death when attacked.

As he entered the street of Poker City he urged his horse into a canter, and stopping before the "Irish Stew," dismounted.



"Go to the stable, Midnight," he said quietly to his horse, when he had taken off his saddle roll, and the intelligent animal galloped around the hotel to the back yard, as though well knowing the place.

"Ah! Buffalo Bill. Glad to see you. Haven't seen you since the day we hung up Dan," said Governor Dave, extending his hand in welcome, and in the other holding out a pen for him to register his name.

"Thank you, Dave. Is there any news in town?" asked Buffalo Bill, in his soft tones and quiet way.

"Not an item, an' things are stale since the gang got cleaned out, an' there's talk of a church and a temp'rance society. But the stage going west is due soon, and there may be something of interest to hear then. How's your ranch?"

"All getting along well, thank you; but is this person here?" and Buffalo Bill pointed to a name on the register, which he had been quietly glancing over.

"Ah! you mean Mr. Mann?"

"Yes; who is he?"

"A lawyer from St. Louis, I believe, and a reg'lar gent all over. Pays for all he gets, an' got good accommodations."

"Is he here now?"

"No."

"Gone?"

"Yes, last night."

"By stage?"

"No, on horseback; did you know him, Bill?"

"I have heard of him and would have been glad to see him. Where has he gone?"

"Don't know."

"Which way did he go?"

"Up in the mountains."

"Not alone?"

"Oh, no; he had a guide."

"Who?"

"Buckskin."

"Yes, I have seen him; but, tell me, Governor, do you know what brought this lawyer to Poker City?"

"I do not. He said he had biz here, and went off with Buckskin."

"Which trail did they take?"

"You don't mean the lawyer harm, I hope, Bill, for he is a prime fellow."

"No, I wish to be of service to him."

"Ah! well, they took the Roost trail."

"Thank you, Dave."

Hardly had the words been spoken when the stage horn was heard ringing through the valley, and all the loungers in the room stampeded for the hotel piazza, followed by Buffalo Bill and the proprietor.

A moment after up dashed the Overland stage, six-in-hand, and driven by Rush, the crack driver of the road.

Upon each side of the driver sat an individual of striking appearance, as regarded size, looks and general make-up.

They were almost giants in size, weighing fully two hundred and fifty pounds each, and measuring six feet six inches in their stocking feet. They were dressed in buckskin leggings, panther skin sack coats, and wore caps of wildcat skins, the heads in front, the tails hanging down their backs.

Their hair was very long, and their beards, too, and one was a blonde, and the other a brunette.

Their faces were cruel and brutal, and as they sprang to the ground from the box, they showed the agility of cats, alighting very easily, it seemed, in spite of their weight.

They were thoroughly armed, that was evident, and a more savage pair even Poker City did not care to claim as citizens.

"Who in thunder be they?" asked one of the bystanders.

The question was answered by Rush, the driver, who called out to the landlord:

"Gov'nor, I hes brought yer this trip as hash eaters, these two pilgrims, as says they is trav'lin' fer fun, an' I told 'em this were ther place ter git all they wanted, an' inside ther hearse ar' a young lady thet are sunshine ter look onter, an' seems out o' place in these here wild diggin's."

All present were gazing at the two passengers designated as "pilgrims in search of fun," and now they glanced at the coach door at the fair passenger, just as she placed a small foot upon the step to alight, and seeing which, one of the pair of giant amusement seekers sprang forward to her aid, seized her in his arms and carried her toward the piazza of the hotel to the astonishment of all present.

The huge borderman who had taken the maiden in his arms in spite of her indignant cry of alarm, was the brunette of the pair of giants, and he deliberately walked with her to the piazza, and still holding her firmly in his grasp, for she was powerless to resist, said in an insolent tone:



"I charge a kiss from them pretty lips for my services."

As he spoke he deliberately drew the face of the maiden toward his huge, bewiskered mouth, when there came a sharp report of a pistol, and the bully uttered a curse and started back, releasing the maiden from his grasp, and who took refuge with a glad cry inside of the door.

"Hold on, my man, for I've got you covered."

The words were uttered in the clear voice of Buffalo Bill, and a revolver in each hand covered each one of the bullies.

"Durn yer, yer hes declar'd war, hes yer?" yelled the bully, facing Buffalo Bill, yet seemingly seeing that in the man which prevented him from drawing his revolver and risking a shot, while his companion seemed to feel the same way, for though his hand rested on his weapon, it was not drawn from the holster.

"Yes, I declare war against any brute who insults a woman, and I should have killed you; but instead, I was merciful and merely clipped a piece of your nose off to add to your beauty," was Bill's quiet response.

There was no doubt but that quarter of an inch of the bully's nose had been cut off by Bill's surely aimed bullet; but that it added to the beauty of the giant all doubted.

"You is havin' fun rather suddint, pards.

"I told yer Poker City were ther boss place ter enj'y yerselves," cried Rush, who had dismounted from his box.

"Who are you?" growled the brunette giant savagely, addressing Buffalo Bill, and walking to the side of his companion.

"I'll interdoose yer, pards; thet are Buffalo Bill, ther Dead Shot," cried Rush, and it was evident from the start both men gave at the name, that Buffalo Bill was not unknown to them, at least by reputation. "An' Bill," continued Rush, "these pilgrims are Blonde Bill and Brunette Bill, from Montana, an' they hes been cirkilatin' around ther kentry chawin' up leetle folks, so they tells me, an' hevin' lots o' fun.

"They are a-pressin' the'r notice on thet purty lady on ther way over, an' she give 'em ter onderstand she didn't want ter hev anything ter say ter 'em; but they kep' it up an' I was too durned skeert

of 'em to chip in, so I thanks yer fer amusin' 'em, fer thet is what they hes comed here fer."

"Do you wish to press this matter, or let it drop?" asked Bill, addressing the man he had wounded, and from whose disfigured nose the blood was dripping.

"We are strangers an' you hold ther drop on us, so I says let up," said the man known as Brunette Bill. "And I say put up yer weepin' now, but sail in any other time yer likes," added Blonde Bill.

"I seek no quarrel with either of you, and warn you to seek none with me.

"You go your way and I'll go mine, but, as I have resented an insult to that lady, I tell you now, if you repeat it even by look I'll hold you to answer."

As Buffalo Bill spoke he lowered his revolvers, replaced them in his belt and turned into the hotel where the landlord said:

"The young lady wishes to see you, Bill."

"Tell her I've gone, Dave, for I hate to be thanked," and Bill turned to retreat, when a sweet voice cried:

"But I know you are not gone, sir, and I do so wish to thank you for your kindness to me, an unprotected girl."

Bill's face flushed, as he found he was fairly caught, for the young lady had headed him off.

"I saw your brave act, sir, and I thank you from my heart, though you punished that wretch rather severely."

"Not as much as he deserved, miss, and I was just in time to prevent a deeper insult to you," modestly replied Bill.

"You are certainly a wonderful shot, sir, and a bold one, to attempt what you did, for the bullet was within two inches of my face," and the maiden seemed to wish to continue the conversation.

"Ah! in this country a man has to be a dead shot, miss, or lose his life, for desperate games are played here for life and death every day."

"And you seem to have won the games you have played against death?" she said, inquiringly and with a smile.

"It is because I always hold trumps, miss."

She seemed mystified, and seeing it, he said:

"I always play to win, whatever the game may be, miss, and pistols are trumps with me, and I am happy to say my two sixes generally win, no matter what is played against them.

"But I do not mean to boast, and will not detain



you; but my name is William F. Cody, and if those rascals annoy you any more, just send for me."

"One moment, Mr. Cody."

Buffalo Bill hesitated.

"What was the name you were called by the driver?"

"Buffalo Bill, they call me."

"Are you the Buffalo Bill who has won such a famous name as a scout in Kansas and along the border?"

"I have been a scout, miss," replied Buffalo Bill.

"Now I have seen you, I do not wonder that men tell strange stories of your deeds.

"I expected to see, if I ever met you, a man not unlike the one who insulted me; but I find in you a true man, and a gentleman."

Buffalo Bill bowed low, and again started to leave, when again the maiden detained him.

"One moment, please.

"I came here on an important mission, and am alone and friendless.

"This is no place for such as I am, I well know; but I am impelled by duty in coming here, and I need some one to aid and advise me.

"I have money and am able to pay for services rendered, and I ask you to continue to be my friend, and I will make known to you the secret of my coming."

"I will do all I can, miss, and——"

"My name is Ella Elsley, sir."

"Well, Miss Elsley, command my services in any way you wish, but remember, I do not serve you for pay."

"Nor would I ask you to, only there will be expenses incurred in serving me which I will defray; but I detain you now, I fear."

"Is it so urgent that I must act for you at once?" asked Bill in a meditative way.

"No, not for several days, if you have other engagements."

"I have something to do that will keep me for a few days, and perhaps a week, and I intend starting at dawn to attend to it.

"Upon my return I will be wholly at leisure."

"Then I will wait until your return, Mr. Cody, but if disengaged this evening, I will make known to you my mission here, and then perhaps you can settle upon some plan that is best for me to follow."

Bill promised to see her after supper, and left,

going into the bar, where Carrots was busy with the two giant Bills, as already the huge pair had been christened in Poker City.

"Bill, I wants yer ter drink with me," cried Rush, the driver, as he espied Bill, and drawing him up to one end of the bar he continued in a low tone:

"All ther way over I was a-prayin' thet you might be in Poker City, an' them two pick you up fer a row, an' my prayer were answered.

"Yer see, they hes been ther terrors all through ther up kentry, an' I were warned, when I tuk 'em on ther hearse thet ther boys of Poker City had better look out.

"I tell yer they hes tarned toes up ter ther daisies in every town they hes been in, an' I never expected ter see 'em wilt as they did ter-day.

"But they hes horse sense, an' they see you were dead sure of 'em so they squole; but yer keep yer eyes on 'em, Bill, boy, fer they means mischief, fer they hes already said thet to-morrer they will drive yer out o' camp.

"Now, thet are ther Giant Bills' threat, an' I warn yer."

"Well, they may do it, Rush, for they are ugly customers to deal with, I am certain," and with a light laugh Bill turned away and went in to dinner, which was by no means a commonplace meal at the "Irish Stew."

By the time he had finished his dinner he had been visited by a dozen friends, and received as many wretchedly scrawled notes, all telling him that the giants had made the threat to drive him out of Poker City the next day.

True to his promise, Buffalo Bill sent word to the fair guest of the "Irish Stew" that he was ready to see her.

Her coming had mystified the citizens of Poker City immensely, and all the miner swells and young shopkeepers, not to speak of the cowboys, who were quite numerous in the vicinity, had visited the hotel in the hope of seeing her.

The fame of her beauty had spread like wildfire, and also the act of Buffalo Bill, and the pair of strangers had come in for their share of talk, and the result was that Carrots was kept busy dispensing spirits to those who were athirst.

Now, the "Stew" was by no means a grand hotel, in any sense of the word, for it was built of boards, and was not even an imposing structure, but it was a



comfortable tavern for that wild land, its table was good, and some of its rooms that pretended to luxury were at least not uncomfortable.

Ella Elsley had been given the star chamber, which was a bedroom and small cuddy, designated a parlor, attached.

Into this private parlor Buffalo Bill was ushered.

"Be seated, Mr. Cody, and first let me tell you that the maid says those two wretches have openly threatened to drive you from Poker City to-morrow," said the maiden, somewhat anxiously.

Buffalo Bill smiled and answered:

"Their threat has been repeated to me by many, Miss Elsley, and, as I leave before daybreak, they may have the credit of driving me off—*until I return.*"

There was a significance in the last three words of the scout which Ella Elsley could not fail to see, and she gave a slight shudder, but answered:

"Well, as you seem wholly capable of taking care of yourself, I will only say be careful.

"Now, let me tell you why I am here."

"I will gladly listen, miss."

"Did you ever hear of a miner in this region by the name of Andrew Boyce?"

"I do not remember such a name, though I have not lived very long on this part of the frontier, Miss Elsley."

"I believe he was known as Moonlight Andy, as he was wont to work all day and on moonlight nights, too."

"Ah, I have heard such a name spoken of among the miners, and believe that he died in the mountains."

"So it was said; he had a pard, as they call comrades here, known as Prince, from his elegance even in miner dress."

"I have heard of him, too, and he is now living in some Indian village, I believe, as it is unhealthy for a man of his constitution in Poker City."

"Mr. Cody, that is the man I am in search of," said Ella, earnestly.

Bill looked his surprise, but said nothing.

"You wonder why I should wish to find a renegade?"

"I do wonder at it," was the frank reply.

"Well, I will explain by telling you that he is *my* rather."

"*Your* rather!"

"Yes, his name was Andrew Boyce Elsley, and he dropped his last name in coming here.

"When I was but fourteen years of age, now five years ago, my father, who was a merchant, was ruined in business by his partner, and we were left poor.

"Unable to behold my mother and myself in poverty, my noble father left us one night secretly, and then we found, from a letter sent us the following day, that he had gone West to try and dig a fortune for us out of the mines.

"He left us just enough to live on, and said he would return in three or four years.

"The gold fever here was then at its height, as you may remember, Mr. Cody, and my father struck a good lead, and soon wrote that he was doing splendidly.

"He sent us money from time to time, and we changed our humble quarters for better ones, and I went to a fashionable boarding-school.

"A year ago my father wrote that he had amassed a fortune, had sent his partner for wagons, and they were to come East and bring their gold.

"That partner was Henry Prince, who had saved my father's life one day, and thus had bound him in bonds of gratitude and friendship.

"Some time passed away and then my mother and myself received a visitor.

"Who should it be but Prince, who gave his real name as Henry Hamon.

"And a bitter story he had to tell of a robbery of the wagon train by mountain robbers, the killing of my poor father, and his own escape only by accident, after being wounded.

"He gave us some money, which he said had belonged to my father, and been on deposit in a border town, and neither my mother nor myself had reason to doubt his story.

"He was a man of fascinating manners, considerably older than myself, and after a few weeks' acquaintance asked me to become his wife.

"I admired the man, yet did not love him and told him so; but he was urgent, my mother seemed anxious to have me marry him, for she was an invalid, and I told him I would give him my answer on the morrow.

"That night my mother awakened from a sound sleep with a ringing shriek, and springing to her side



I found her gasping for breath and bleeding at the lungs.

"Hurriedly I sent a servant for our physician, and then heard from her lips that she had had a fearful dream, and had seen Henry Hamon killing my father in a lonely mountain pass.

"The struggle to aid him, in her sleep, had been too much for her weak frame, and had brought on the hemorrhage which caused her death, for she died soon after the physician arrived.

"The next day Henry Hamon called, and I told him to leave me forever.

"Then the tiger in his nature broke out, and he swore and threatened in the very presence of my poor dead mother, until I told him I would have him arrested and tried for the charge, for I would have detectives sent to the mines to look up the facts.

"That caused him to leave me, and I have not seen him since.

"But some weeks ago I picked up a frontier paper and saw where Prince, a miner, had been implicated in robbing a stage, and was discovered to be one of a gang of road agents.

"Then the belief that my mother's dream was true took full possession of me, and, Mr. Cody, I have come here to find out if he is the murderer of my father, and, if so, to seek revenge."

"And you shall have it, Miss Elsley, for I will find this man Prince for you, and wring from him a confession of what was the true fate of your father," said Bill, earnestly.

"Only wait patiently my return, and while in Poker City keep out of the way of the giants.

"Good-night."

So saying, Buffalo Bill left the room, and half an hour before dawn he was riding out of Poker City, and following the Roost Trail to the mountains

## CHAPTER CXXVI.

### BUCKSKIN AT HOME—THE BEAUTIFUL INDIAN GIRL.

"Pard, we hes got ter a place where we hes ter part comp'ny."

The speaker was Buckskin, the guide, and the one he addressed was Markoe Mann, the lawyer.

The two had drawn rein at what seemed the end of a small canyon, for before them was a towering cliff, and upon either side were walls of rock rising a hundred feet in height, and running back to the

entrance, half a mile distant. The tops of the cliffs were fringed with mountain pines, and the canyon below, about a hundred feet wide, was covered with a carpet of grass, through the center of which was a rivulet, that came from a spring under the rocks.

Under the shelter under the head of the canyon, and surrounded by a thicket of trees that hid it from view, until close up to it, was a log cabin.

It was stoutly built of logs against the wall of rock, and had but one room, twelve by twenty feet in size.

Two small windows in front, and one at either end of the cabin, commanded the approaches to it up the canyon, and the door was just wide enough for a man to pass through, and so low that he would have to stoop.

"Who lives there?" asked Markoe Mann, pointing to the cabin.

"When I are thar, I lives thar; when I hain't, I don't.

"But it are my cabin, an' you are welcome ter make it yourn until I return with ther gal."

"It is by no means an uncomfortable place, I assure you, and my horse will also fare well, from the looks of the grass."

"Yas, he'll not starve, an' fer a fact you won't, uther, as I keeps a good supply o' grub in ther shanty."

The two men now dismounted, lariatied their horses, hung up their saddles, and in a short time Buckskin had his cabin thrown open, a fire built, and a good dinner cooking, for he had brought game with him.

After the meal the two sat down for a talk, and Buckskin said:

"Now, Pard Ly'yer, we parts here fer a leetle time, fer I hes ter go on alone ter ther Injun camp.

"You stay here, an' I'll jine yer with ther gal, onless I goes under in ther trip, an' then yer'll ex-coose me, I knows, fer yer'll most likely hev ter die, too, fer no man kin find his way back ther way we come, onless he were born in these here mountains, or are a man as knows ther woods an' plains as you knows legal dokimints.

"Now, I hes a pard in these here mountains, who are a paleface, as loves ther solitudes better then poppylation, fer reasons he keeps ter hisself.

"Now he are friendly with ther Injuns, an' I looks ter him ter git ther gal, an' ef I should hev ter wait



round a leetle, he'll fetch yer ther gal an' guide yer to ther overland, whar yer kin git a stage as will hustle yer towards St. Louis."

"I care not who brings the girl, Buckskin, so that I can see her and convince her of the fortune in store for her, and urge that she go to St. Louis with me to obtain possession of it."

"Waal, she hev got a level head, an' ef she don't see thet Bill ter talk her out o' it she'll go all right."

"Who is this friend of yours?"

"Waal, ther Injuns calls him Lone Paleface, but in ther settlements, where he ust ter go, they calls him Han'some Hugh, an' thet is ther handle I gives him."

"Handsome Hugh; then he may be a dangerous man for the Red Dove to be trusted with."

"Nary, fer he are as gentle as a kitten, ef yer don't rub him ag'in ther fur."

"I may fetch ther gal myself, but as I hes ter git him ter help me see her, he bein' mor' friendly with ther Injuns, I may find it convenient ter sen' him with ther Dove."

"Now, I'll be off, an' you kin jist content yerself here."

"Thar is game round about, an' thar is fishin' in ther streams, an' I guesses yer'll not starve."

Ten minutes after Buckskin mounted his horse and rode away, leaving Mann alone, and indeed a stranger in a strange land.

The village of Black Bear was situated in the very heart of the mountains, and in fastnesses where neither soldiers nor hostile tribes would dare attempt to attack him.

The chief was a man of natural genius, and for twenty long years had led his warriors to victory in battle, marches and retreats.

Peaceful when allowed to be, he was an implacable foe to the paleface and Indian when imposed upon, and had won the respect and dread of all his enemies.

In the selection of a site for his village he had chose na spot of remarkable beauty, as well as one calculated to give support to his people and pastures for his horses.

There were limpid streams flowing through the village, out of which the most delicious fish could be caught, and the mountains abounded with deer, elk, antelope, and the adjacent plains with buffalo.

Then there were bears, wolves and panthers for furs, and the supply seemed never to be exhausted.

Taught by poor Lou Lorin, his white wife, many little ideas of civilization, he had built for himself a cabin of stout logs, and it was furnished in no mean way, through the skill of Red Dove and Iron Eyes, his children, while his Indian wife had done much to help along in the general advancement.

A plot back of the cabin was worked as a garden, and others of his tribe following his example in house building, the village, Man-ta-pa-ka, which means Home of Rest, was by no means an unpleasant place in which to dwell, while in point of law and order it was certainly ahead of the festive town of the palefaces, known as Poker City.

Taught English by her mother, and to read and write French by a Canadian missionary, Red Dove had by no means grown up in ignorance, for she had read many books which the Indians, in their numerous raids had brought home with them, regarding them as sacred relics.

The only one of her tribe who could read, having mastered the art of playing the guitar, her mother's, which Captain Lorin, with many other things, had sent his sacrificed daughter, to cheer her desolation, possessed of a weirdly beautiful voice, being able to write and sketch, and draw likenesses of the various chiefs, it was no wonder that Red Dove was regarded in the light of a queen, especially when she was the child of the great chief Black Bear.

Frequently had she gone on hunts, and even the warpath, with her half-brother, Iron Eyes, and his one hundred young warriors, none of whom had reached the legal age of white voters in the East; her horsemanship was wonderful, her aim deadly, and in hurling a knife and throwing a lasso none could excel her.

Whether it was the white blood in her veins that seemed to urge her on continually, I cannot tell; but certain it is that with her comfortable home, her power as queen, her numerous accomplishments, she never seemed happy far down in her heart.

Attracting the attention of a renegade white man, known by his deeds as Red Robin, the fate of Red Dove might have been sad but for her rescue by Buffalo Bill.

But from that day of rescue the poor Indian girl seemed to lose her heart, which went out in all its warmth of affection toward the famous scout, and



felt many a little ache, when she saw that he seemed not to love her in return.

He had saved her life, her honor, and again rescued her from the designing villain in whose charge she had started to St. Louis, to solve the truth or falsehood of her inheritance.

And yet her beautiful face seemed but to have won his admiration.

She was too womanly to show him how deeply she loved him; but then he seemed blind to her every action and look toward him.

Back to her mountain village she had gone, after the interruption of her trip to the East, and, to drown thought, and to soothe heartaches, she had been constantly on the go, by the side of her brother, Iron Eyes, and at the head of the band of young warriors, which his powers and pluck had made him chief of, young as he was.

One day the band had started upon an extensive hunt, and Red Dove, with woman's fickleness of nature, which can be found in the tepee of the Indian, as well as in the palaces of the metropolis, refused at the last moment to go, through a caprice.

Away then Iron Eyes and his band started for the plains, and hardly had they been gone an hour before Red Dove grew very lonesome.

Her father, the Black Bear, was in the Council Tepee, with the head chiefs, and there seemed nothing for her to do.

She tried to work on a pair of moccasins she was making, but soon cast them aside.

Then she took up a pair of leggings, she was fringing for herself, and that work did not suit her.

Her guitar caught her eye, and she tried to sing a little French song the priest had taught her, but the words were of love, the air plaintive, and it choked her with emotion welling up in her throat.

Impatiently she cast aside the guitar, and putting on her hunting costume, and telling her stepmother that she was going to follow on the trail of the hunters and overtake them, she caught her spotted pony, and seizing her rifle and belt of arms, she sprang into the saddle and darted away like the wind.

She readily struck the trail of the hunters, and was following it at a slow canter when suddenly while passing through a gorge in the rocks she was confronted with a horseman.

Instantly she brought her rifle around ready for

use; but the horseman raised his hands above his head, the palms turned toward her, and said:

"I mean the Red Dove no harm."

The horseman who so suddenly confronted Red Dove, and in a spot where she had little dreamed of meeting any one other than from her own tribe, was a man of striking appearance.

His face was darkly bronzed by long exposure to the elements, and he had a black mustache and imperial, very long, black hair, and dark, earnest, fascinating eyes.

He seemed young at first glance, and yet had evidently passed his fortieth year.

His form was tall, elegant, denoting strength and quickness of action, and he was dressed in a corduroy hunting suit of dark brown, the pants stuck up in top boots, the heels of which were armed with spurs.

A large, soft hat sheltered his head, a belt of arms encircled his waist, beneath his hunting jacket, and a rifle was strapped behind him on the saddle.

"What does the Lone Paleface want with the Red Dove, that he stands in her path?" asked the maiden, quietly, appearing to recognize the horseman.

"The Lone Paleface comes from the friend of the Red Dove," he answered in soft tones.

"The Red Dove has many friends."

"True; but she has one who looks to her good more than others, and he has sent the Lone Paleface to tell her to come to him."

"Who is this friend?"

"Buffalo Bill, the Dead Shot."

The bronzed face of Red Dove flushed at the name, and a glad light flashed in her eyes.

But she said, quietly:

"Why did not the White Chief come himself to see the Red Dove?"

"He could not for he has a friend from the great city with him, and who has come to tell the Red Dove that the father of her mother is dead, and has left her gold to make her richer than her whole tribe."

"The Red Dove has enough to eat, warm furs to sleep on, a wooden tepee to shelter her, ponies, clothing and all she needs.

"She cares not for gold, that the white man fights for, toils for, and dies to get."

"You are the first one I ever struck that didn't want gold," muttered the man; but he said aloud:



"The Red Dove has the blood of the paleface in her veins, and her mother came from the land of the rising sun.

"With the gold that is hers she can go to the birth home of her mother's people, in the great cities of the palefaces, and do much good for the tribes of the Black Bear.

"If she refuses the gold, she can but linger out here in these wild mountains, and when she is grown older be buried in the canyon.

"The palefaces march onward, and the redmen go to their graves; but, with gold, the Red Dove can help her people here, and save them much sorrow."

The tone of the man was soft and insinuating, and his earnest eyes were bent upon her as he spoke.

It was evident she was impressed by the picture he had drawn, for she asked:

"Where is the Dead Shot?"

"At his home, the Haunted Ranch, with the friend of Red Dove, who has come from the city of the palefaces."

For a moment the Indian girl gazed searchingly into the face of the white man, as though to read his thoughts through his dark eyes.

But he met the gaze unflinchingly, and she said:

"The Lone Paleface hides here in these hills, the home of the red man, from his people, and goes not to the camps of the white men; but he has done no wrong against my people, that I know, and I will trust him, though the Black Bear, my father, who saw him once, said he believed he was a snake in the grass."

"The chief Black Bear was unkind to me," said the white man, in an injured tone.

"He may have been, but he said the face of the Lone Paleface came before his eyes like a cloud that drifts up from the past.

"But I will trust the Lone Paleface, and we will see if the Black Bear was wrong in calling him a snake."

There was a flash of joy in the eyes of the man, but he made no reply, and, placing himself by her side, the two rode on together, their track leading toward the south and the Haunted Ranch where Buffalo Bill made his home.

## CHAPTER CXXVII.

### THE SERPENT—THE INDIAN GIRL BETRAYED.

After he was left alone by Buckskin, Markoe Mann felt most keenly his situation.

He was far from the nearest camp of his own race, in the heart of the mountains, through which roamed the most savage beasts, and where at any moment a human foe, in the shape of Indians, might come upon him.

He had his rifle and pistols, his cabin was a strong one, and ample food was about him, it was true, but, should aught happen to Buckskin, how would he, unaided, find his way back to the settlements?

He was a brave man and had confidence in himself; but he was not a plainsman or a mountaineer, and he knew how powerless he was to save himself, should he be discovered by Indians.

But, after one night passed alone, he became more easy in mind, and enjoyed himself the next day in hunting for game.

The following night passed in undisturbed silence, save the howling of the wolves, and hooting of an owl, that perched himself upon the roof of the cabin to toll forth his doleful notes.

The next day he fished in the streams, and was delighted at his luck.

But while at his dinner he was startled by the sound of hoof falls, and glancing down the valley saw two persons approaching on horseback.

One was a man who was a stranger to him.

The other was a young girl, whose splendid, barbaric costume, and darkly-bronzed face he felt must be the Red Dove, the Indian heiress, to see whom he had risked his life in coming to the border.

"By Heaven, it is the girl! but who is the man?" he cried, springing to his feet and confronting them as they drew rein in front of the cabin.

"Do I see Mr. Markoe Mann?" asked the stranger, politely.

"My name is Mann, sir," answered the lawyer.

"I am the friend of Buckskin——"

"Ah!"

"And men call me Handsome Hugh, and among the Indians I am known as Lone Paleface."

"I know now who you are, sir, for Buckskin said he would send you if he did not return himself. But where is he?"

"He was detained and asked me to take his place."



"It is just as well, sir. This, then, is the Red Dove, the fair Indian queen?"

"Permit me to aid you to dismount," and Mann, with the courtly grace natural to him, advanced to the side of Red Dove.

With eager eyes, she listened to the conversation, her brow clouding, and her dark eyes flashing, for she had now begun to feel that she had been led into some snare by the Lone Paleface.

As Markoe Mann advanced toward her she suddenly cried:

"The Black Bear's tongue is straight, for the Lone Paleface is a snake in the grass."

As she spoke she suddenly reined her horse back and turned to fly.

But as though anticipating some such move on her part, her white companion had taken his lasso in hand, and sent it flying through the air, ere the Indian pony had made a second bound.

His well-trained horse prepared himself instantly to meet the shock, and the noose settling down over the head of the spotted mustang brought him to the ground with a heavy fall, throwing the Indian girl over his head.

She fell upon her knees, but ere she could spring to her feet Handsome Hugh had jumped from his horse, and bounding forward, caught her in his strong arms, while he cried:

"No, my sweet Dove, you cannot fly away from us."

All this had transpired in an instant, and before the astonished Mann could interpose a word or act.

He was not in the habit of seeing persons of any sex have to be caught with lariats in order to get them to take fortunes left them, and as the horseman approached holding the indignant Red Dove in his strong arms, he cried:

"Hold, sir! Is this force necessary to get the maiden to remain?"

"You would think so, if she could get back and tell that savage father of hers," was the response.

"But my dear girl, I mean you no harm, but, on the contrary, I have come a long way to do you a service," said Mann, kindly.

"The Red Dove wishes to go to the village of her people.

"She trusted that man, for he said he would lead her to a friend, the great white chief, and he has been a snake in the grass.

"See, he has thrown her pony to the ground with a lariat, and now has her in his power, and she is alone, for you are not her friend."

The young girl spoke indignantly, and the lawyer answered:

"Listen to me, Red Dove, and I will prove to you that I am your friend.

"Will you sit there and hear me, if the Lone Paleface releases you?"

"No, the Red Dove will not hear," she firmly said.

"Pard, there is but one thing to do, and that I know," said Handsome Hugh.

"And that is——"

"To bind the girl and leave at once for the lower settlements.

"Once you get her away from hope of rescue from her people, and she will listen to you quietly and go with you. But here she will not."

"Will the Red Dove not go quietly with me, without being bound?" asked Mann.

"No! let the Red Dove fly back to her home in the village of her people."

"You see, so let us lose no time. Get those wide buckskin straps from my saddle, and I will tie her so the thongs will not hurt her."

Markoe Mann seemed reluctant to bind the girl, but then he had risked much to get her into his possession, and did not care to lose her.

He saw that she would be a dangerous person at liberty and she had already shown how willingly she would take chances to escape, so he said:

"Well, if the Red Dove will not promise to go with me, I must let you bind her."

"The Red Dove makes no promise to those she hates," was the spiteful reply.

Without further parley, Handsome Hugh tied her arms securely behind her back, and then the cabin was closed up, and, mounting, the party started for the lower settlements, Lone Paleface being the guide.

That night the three camped in a canyon, and Markoe Mann, to win the confidence of the girl, told her all about her inheritance.

He spoke of her beautiful mother, and her marriage with the Black Bear, the wanderings of her paleface grandfather, Captain Lorin, and his death upon the banks of the Mississippi, and of his being appointed by the captain to give to the Red Dove the gold that he left.



He told her how he had buried her paleface grandfather in honor, and then, neglecting his own affairs, had come to the Far West to seek her.

He had risked his life to find her, and they had told him she would not leave her wild life to get her gold.

But he had determined to let her see the great cities in the land of the rising sun, give to her the gold that was her own, and then, if the Red Dove wished to return to her red people in the mountains, she could do so.

The young girl listened without a word to all that was said, and then Mann asked:

"Does the Red Dove not believe now that I am her friend?"

"Do palefaces bind the arms of their friends, and drag them from their homes and their people?"

"It is for your good, Red Dove."

"The Red Dove is happy as she was. Let her go back to her father."

"Not until I have kept my pledge to your dying grandfather," was the firm response of Markoe Mann, and almost discouraged he turned away from the red-skin heiress.

The next afternoon Handsome Hugh went into camp early, as he said there was no other good place on the trail for many miles.

In riding, Red Dove, at Markoe Mann's suggestion, had had her arms free of the thongs, and had only been bound to the saddle, so as not to make her any more uncomfortable than was necessary to guard against an attempt at escape.

But when they halted they were forced to secure her beyond possibility of getting away.

In various ways Mann had tried to win her confidence, and prove himself her friend; but she kept a stolid, silent manner toward him, and he could not tell what was passing in her thoughts.

"Once I get her where she has to depend wholly on me, it will be all right," he said to Handsome Hugh.

The place chosen for the camp was in a clump of timber, and where several large boulders made a shelter against the wind.

The horses had not yet been lariatied out to feed, and Red Dove had just been helped to the ground by Markoe Mann, when Handsome Hugh approached, after having hitched the animals, and said:

"Pard, don't you think this is a one-sided game you are playing?"

It was the manner of the man rather than the words that caused Mann to look up in surprise.

"I repeat: Don't your conscience tell you that this is all one-sided?"

"I don't understand you, sir," said the lawyer, nettled by the manner of the other.

"I will explain so that you shall. What do I get out of this little affair?"

"You mean that you want pay for your services?" hotly said Mann.

"I do."

"Then you shall have pay; but having paid Buckskin once I deemed that he settled with you."

"You thought wrong, pard. I collect my own dues."

"Well, this is no time to dun me for money."

"It is the very time."

"Complete your task and I will pay you."

"What task?"

"Guide me to the nearest station where I can get a stagecoach."

"We are going from the Overland line, pard, and not to it," was the cool reply.

Markoe Mann turned pale with anger and said, hotly:

"What do you mean, villain?"

"Be sparing with your epithets, for I am no man to brook them, and you are in no condition to be insulting."

"Your words have some deeper meaning than I can see through."

"I mean that I have led you into the heart of the Indian country, and I doubt if even the Red Dove could find her way back."

"Then I shall, as her friend, be protected, while you shall suffer," sneeringly said Mann.

"As usual, you fail to understand, my dear Mr. Mann. This is not the country of the tribe to which the Red Dove belongs, but of the bitterest foes to that tribe, as she will tell you."

"Is this true, Red Dove?" and Mann turned to the young girl, who answered, calmly:

"For once, the Lone Paleface has not spoken crooked."

"By heaven, you shall rue this act, man."

"You are in no position to threaten, Lawyer Mann," was Handsome Hugh's quiet rejoinder.



"In the name of the saints, what means your treachery?"

"I made no pledges to you, and I only seek to benefit myself."

"Then name your price."

"First, what is the amount that this girl inherits?"

"That is none of your affair."

"Then I will not move from this spot until I know, and I again tell you we are in deadly danger here."

"And you will suffer, too."

"On the contrary, I am a chief in this tribe."

"A renegade?" sneered Mann.

"Yes."

"A confessed one?"

"Yes."

"If ever man deserved the halter, you do."

"We are not in St. Louis, my friend, and you are not appealing to a jury, but before one man, who can be your executioner."

This remark Mann seemed to clearly see the truth of, for he said, sullenly:

"I ask you to name your terms?"

"And I ask you the amount of this girl's inheritance?"

"I refuse to tell."

"Then I refuse to guide you further, and your life, and hers, be on your head."

As he spoke Handsome Hugh turned away as though to mount his horse.

"Hold!"

"Well?"

"I cover you with my revolver, and if you do not return and swear to guide me to the Overland in safety, I will kill you, for I shall make this a game that two can play instead of one."

## CHAPTER CXXVIII.

### THE TERMS—REVOLVERS ARE TRUMPS.

Instead of cowering before his aim, as he had expected him to do, believing, as a double-dyed villain he must be a coward, and thereby making the mistake that many do, Markoe Mann was astonished to see Handsome Hugh burst into ringing laughter at his threat.

"What! do you dare me?"

"Yes."

"I am a dead shot."

"I doubt it."

"Beware, for patience is ceasing to be a virtue, and if I kill you the Red Dove can be guide."

"What do you wish?"

"Pledge yourself to guide me to the Overland."

"And the Red Dove?"

"Goes with me."

"If I refuse?"

"I shall kill you."

"You mean it?"

"So help me, Heaven."

"Then I refuse."

"*And I fire!*"

As he spoke the hand of Markoe Mann touched the trigger, the hammer fell, the explosion followed, but the man upon whom he had deadly aim neither flinched nor fell.

"I told you that I doubted your being a dead shot," sneered Handsome Hugh.

Again the crack of the revolver followed, and with a like result.

"Do you pledge yourself now, for I will not miss every time?"

"No."

"Then you die."

Again the pistol flashed, once, twice, thrice, in rapid succession, and yet no sign of a wound upon the daring man who stood sneeringly before the weapon, and not ten paces away.

"You have one more shot, try that," was the taunt.

"I will."

And, for the sixth time, Markoe Mann pulled the trigger, and, as before, without result.

"There is no need of your wasting your powder, so you need not draw your second weapon, as it, too, is unloaded."

"Unloaded?" gasped Mann.

"Yes; I extracted all the bullets while you slept last night; but my weapons are loaded, and you are now in my power, for a turn about is fair play."

Quickly his hand went to his hip, and his revolver sprang to a level.

Mann saw that he was fairly caught.

He had been outwitted by a desperate and designing villain, and was in his power.

"Now, Mr. Mann, it is for me to dictate terms, and again I ask you what is the amount of inheritance left that girl?"



"Why do you wish to know?"

"To gauge the price I ask you thereby."

"Well, it amounts to something under a quarter of a million."

"Indeed! a large sum. I always knew that the old captain salted away his gold, but had no idea he had accumulated so much."

"You knew Captain Lorin?"

"I did."

"Well, now you know, what are your terms?"

"Are you serving this pretty Indian heiress for nothing?"

"No; her grandfather left me a handsome sum as a fee, with expenses for looking her up."

"Who is the executor of the will?"

"I am."

"You hold the entire property for her?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Now let me tell you what I propose to do."

"I propose to marry the Indian heiress, send her to boarding-school and bring her out in a couple of years as a rival to the St. Louis belles."

"You are a villain that I yet hope to hang," hissed Markoe Mann, hoarse with passion at the words of the other.

As for Red Dove she stood like a statue gazing upon the two men, and her eyes only moving from the face of one to that of the other.

Not a movement of her beautiful countenance showed that she heard, or was interested in their conversation, and yet not a word escaped her little ears.

The threatening revolver alone prevented the lawyer from springing upon the man who so coolly made known the terms he demanded.

"Devil! what do you mean?" cried Markoe Mann, as he glared upon the cool face of the man known as Handsome Hugh, and whose looks did not belie the name.

"Just what I say."

"That you demand that this young girl become your wife, in payment for your services as guide?"

"You put it exactly."

"How dare you make such a base proposition?"

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and I am looking out for myself! The Red Dove being my wife will not prevent her inheritance of her fortune, and, as her husband, I can urge that she go to St.

Louis and attend boarding-school, and can place her under other guardianship than yours.

"Also, I will put the matter in the hands of lawyers, and make you disgorge her wealth, and, when she gets it in possession I will come for her, and we can then be happy together, for I speak her tongue, I am a roamer of the mountains and plains like her people, and can and will be to her all that a husband should be, and devote my every energy to the improvement and comfort of her tribe.

"I knew her father, and knew her mother years ago, and I love her.

"Can you bring stronger claims?"

"Yes."

"Name them."

"I am an honorable man."

"And I?"

"You are a desperado, a hunted renegade and a villain."

The words were said boldly, and again the dark face of Handsome Hugh flushed.

"I would rather see her dead than your wife," added the lawyer.

"She may die yet before she reaches St. Louis with you, especially if there is a codicil in that will that, in case of Red Dove's death, *you* are the next heir."

"I am no murderer, man, to kill for gold, as you doubtless have done."

"When you come to need gold, crave it, as I have done, you may kill, too," was the savage reply.

Then, regaining his calm, sinister manner at once, he continued:

"You refuse?"

"Yes."

"Will you take the girl and pledge me the fortune, then?"

"It is not mine to pledge, as you know."

"Then there is but one way to decide this matter."

"How is that?"

"It is a way I have of deciding all things for or against myself."

"Well?"

"Do you play cards?"

"Yes."

"You have gambled?"

"Yes."

"Are you an expert player?"

"I am."



"So am I."

"What has this to do with the matter?"

"I will play you a game for the girl and her fortune."

"Nonsense."

"I say yes, for if you win I will guide you to the Overland in safety."

"If you lose, I marry the girl, you pledge yourself to take care of her until she is of age, and then to turn over her fortune to me."

"I will not agree."

"So help me, Heaven, this is your only way out of the trouble; for, if you refuse, I take the girl, kill you, make her my wife, and go to St. Louis and claim the fortune of my bride."

Markoe Mann saw that the man was in deadly earnest, and, always noted as a good and successful card player, he said:

"Well, I accept your offer; have you cards?"

"Oh, yes! I never go without them, any more than I would without my arms."

He took a pack of cards from an inner pocket as he spoke and continued:

"Come, Red Dove, I'll make sure of you before we begin."

He led her, unresisting, to a tree, and bound her to it.

Then he walked to where a tree had been blow down by the wind, and took a seat upon it, his feet upon either side.

With a pale, stern face, Markoe Mann followed, and seated himself opposite to him.

The cards were then carefully shuffled, cut and dealt, and the game begun.

It was to be the best two in three games, so as to give to each a more equal chance.

Both men played slowly, and the first game was won by Mann.

His face flushed at his triumph, but Handsome Hugh showed no emotion.

Another deal, and the second game was played through in the same deliberate manner, and was won by Lone Paleface.

His face was as immovable as before, but Markoe Mann's paled slightly.

Then for the first time Red Dove showed deep interest, and she bent her head eagerly forward to watch the players.

The third game was begun, played slowly through,

and at last Lone Paleface cried exultantly, as he threw down a card:

*"Diamonds are trumps, and I win the heiress!"*

But just then a dark shadow fell upon them, and a ringing voice was heard:

*"Hold! Revolvers are trumps in this game of deviltry, and Buffalo Bill plays them!"*

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## CHAPTER CXXIX.

THE RESCUE—HANDSOME HUGH'S ESCAPE—THE OATH.

To Handsome Hugh, Buffalo Bill's coming was even a greater surprise than to Markoe Mann, for he had little dreamed of the appearance of the daring scout in that locality, and at a moment so very inopportune to him.

As for Markoe Mann, he was taken aback, not dreaming of a white man's presence anywhere in that vicinity, and yet, though at first fearful of trouble, he was the next instant glad of his coming.

He had often heard of the famous frontiersman, and well remembered what Buckskin had told him about him, and that he was the avowed friend of Red Dove. The Indian girl's lips, at sight of her brave defender upon former occasions, and the man she so fondly loved, parted in a cry of joy as she saw him spring upon the rock, and then she became perfectly calm, and was contented to let matters take their course, wholly confident that Buffalo Bill would regulate them.

That Handsome Hugh was a brave man, there could be no doubt, and one who could use weapons unerringly, too.

But he was fairly caught this time, and he knew it.

The revolvers of Markoe Mann were unloaded, and those of Lone Paleface were in his belt, and he had heard enough of the man who played his pistols as trumps in any game of life and death, to know that the slightest movement on his part would be his death warrant.

It was a thrilling tableau, certainly, the two men seated across the log, the cards between them, and their bodies bent to one side, and eyes turned up to the ranchero, and hands half raised, as though to ward off the deadly bullets, while, standing upon the rock, both hands thrust forward, and each holding a revolver upon the gamblers for the possession of a young girl, with Red Dove bound to a tree, and the



indifferent horses in the background, certainly made up a picture of striking interest and action.

For a moment only the tableau lasted, yet it seemed an age to Lone Paleface and Markoe Mann, and then came in ringing, clear and cutting words:

"Which one shall I kill first, Red Dove?"

"Let the Dead Shot make that man prisoner first, and then the Red Dove will tell him all," she answered, motioning her hand toward Lone Paleface.

"And the other?"

"His claws are clipped, for the Lone Paleface had him in his power."

"Ah! you, then, are the Lone Paleface, the hermit of the mountains?" said Buffalo Bill.

"So men call me. And you are Buffalo Bill?" was the cold, almost indifferent reply of Handsome Hugh, who had regained his nerve.

"So men call me," answered Buffalo Bill, repeating the other's words. "And you are Mr. Markoe Mann, a lawyer from St. Louis, I believe?" and he turned to the lawyer.

"Yes, my name is Mann."

"Well, I will deal with your case after a while.

"Now, Lone Paleface, you are my prisoner, and if you have any desire to live, make no foolish effort to escape."

Springing down from the rock, Buffalo Bill quickly disarmed the Lone Paleface, and with some stout thongs he took from his hunting-shirt pocket, securely bound his hands behind his back.

Leaving him standing by a ledge, Buffalo Bill walked toward the tree to which Red Dove was bound, and had nearly completed the task of releasing her, when a cry from Markoe Mann attracted his attention.

One glance was sufficient to show him that Lone Paleface was gone.

With the bounds of a tiger, Buffalo Bill reached the spot.

But nowhere was the prisoner he had so securely bound to be seen.

"I was watching you, sir, and forgot him for the moment, and when I looked again he was gone," explained Markoe Mann.

Buffalo Bill gazed all around him; but the shadows of night were darkening the forest, and nowhere could he see the fugitive.

He listened attentively but there came to his ears no sound of running feet.

"Let him go, for we shall meet again," he said, quietly, returning to the spot where he had left Red Dove and the lawyer.

The Indian girl had in the meantime been freed by Markoe Mann, and the two were standing together talking when the scout returned.

"The paleface stranger has released me," said the maiden.

"Yes; but what right had he to make you a prisoner?" was the stern question of the scout.

"It does seem a strange way, sir, to give to an heiress the possession of a fortune left her; but I came here to find her, and employed as my guide an old hunter by the name of Buckskin, who led me to the mountains, where I could have an interview with Red Dove.

"He left me at a cabin, and several days after the man who has just escaped came and said that Buckskin had sent him with the girl, for she accompanied him.

"The Red Dove suspected treachery, and tried to escape, and the man called Lone Paleface bound her securely.

"Upon arriving here I found that he was as treacherous as a snake, and as he had both the Red Dove and myself in his power, I yielded to his demand to play a game to see who should have her.

"That game he won, and——"

"Pardon me, I played my revolvers as trumps and won the game."

"True, and I am glad that you did. You have heard my story, sir, and when I show you the proofs of the fortune left the Red Dove, I feel that, as her friend, you will urge that she go with me to St. Louis and take possession of it."

"I thank you, sir, for your explanation, which seems a manly one, and if the Red Dove says you have not been unkind to her, I will consider you as her friend."

He looked toward the Indian girl as he spoke, and she answered:

"The stranger has treated the Red Dove kindly, though he wished to take her from her people.

"It was the Lone Paleface that was the cruel snake."

"Enough! Mr. Mann, I frankly tell you, sir, that I saw your name on the register of the hotel in Poker City, and remembering it as the same that was attached to a letter to the Indian agent some month.



ago making inquiry about Red Dove, and finding you had come to the mountains under the guidance of Buckskin, a mysterious old hunter, I at once took your trail and followed you.

"I trailed you to the cabin, and from thence here, and I heard, for I stood behind that rock, much that passed between you.

"The Red Dove saved my life once, and as her friend I would not allow harm to befall her.

"But go with us to the village of her father, Black Bear, and show us all your proofs of her good fortune, and I assure you I will urge that she return with you to St. Louis and get her inheritance.

"But I here swear to you that if harm befall her there I will trail you to the ends of the earth until I avenge her."

There was no doubting but that Buffalo Bill meant just what he said; but Markoe Mann met his gaze unflinchingly, and promised him that all should come around right in the end.

When Lone Paleface found himself a prisoner to Buffalo Bill, and securely bound, despair at first seized his heart, for remembering his treatment of Red Dove, and also that the scout had doubtless not only seen but also heard what had happened in his game with Mr. Mann, he felt that the chances of his being hanged if taken back to the camp were far too good.

But the man was a deep schemer, and he had nerve as well, and it came over him that he had been in many tight places before and his own pluck and shrewdness had helped him out.

If there was one man on earth whom he really feared, that man was Buffalo Bill.

And now he was in that man's power.

He was a gambler by nature, and he began to plot for chances for and against his escape.

This very plotting encouraged him, and seeing that Buffalo Bill was leaning over the Indian girl, unfastening the hard knots in the thongs that bound her, he knew that it would be no short and easy work.

The eyes of Mr. Mann were not on him; but upon Buffalo Bill, and with a look of admiration as though he was awed by the pluck of the great scout.

This allowed Lone Paleface to look to himself.

He thoroughly knew the locality where he was, for he had often before camped in that very spot, and as an idea flashed through his busy brain his face flushed

with pleasure. He saw a possible way out of his trouble.

Whatever the odds against him, he would meet them, if he held but one chance in a hundred.

He quietly rolled over and over until he got behind the shelter of a large rock.

His hands were bound behind him; but his feet were not secured.

The rock rose thirty feet above him and the sides were steep, so to scale it with bound hands was very hard work and very dangerous, in case he should slip and fall.

Bound as he was, he could not save himself, and a fall might so injure him he would have to cry out to his foes for aid, even if it did not kill him by his head striking a rock.

Using his chin to help in his climb, he wound his way up the steep sides of the rock, which shielded him from the view of his enemies, even had they been watching him, suspecting escape possible for him under the circumstances.

Even Buffalo Bill, well aware of the desperation of the prisoner, did not for a moment consider, after he had bound his hands, that escape, almost from their very midst, was a possibility.

He progressed slowly, and seconds seemed minutes to him.

He would hold on hard with his chin until he was sure of a foothold, and thus raise himself higher up the side of the rock.

That the effort cut and bruised his chin he did not mind.

That he would be alone in the wilderness, with hands bound behind his back, far from any help never entered his mind.

That he would have no weapons, no food, was not then considered.

His one aim then was to get away—to save his life then.

He would let the future take care of itself.

After a couple of minutes of terribly hard work he reached the top, and wedged himself into a crevice of the rock.

Then he waited the result, panting, anxious yet jubilant.

Hardly had he gained this point of vantage when his absence was discovered.

He flattened himself out as Buffalo Bill sprang upon a rock and gazed about him.



The scout could not believe a man bound as he was could climb to the top of that ledge—he never looked there for him.

Buffalo Bill believed that the man, with his feet free, had glided away with the noiseless tread of a panther.

Lone Paleface heard what was said and he knew that he was safe.

He gloated in the thought that he had escaped, for his yet unfortunate condition he would face when the time came.

His enemies—and certainly Buffalo Bill, Red Dove and Mr. Mann, were bitter foes—then, must first go away from the camp, and then he would meet his other troubles and dangers as they arose.

His pluck and cleverness if turned to a good cause would have worked wonders for him.

As night came on he hoped to escape, and then make his way to a friendly Indian village, recuperate rapidly and once more start upon his evil deeds.

He had not yet given up the hope of recapturing Red Dove and the lawyer before they got out of the Indian country.

He well knew that he had a dangerous man to deal with in Buffalo Bill; but he argued that a bullet properly aimed, a knife blade rightly placed, would cut short the career of even Buffalo Bill, charmed life though he was said to possess.

But the hopes of Lone Paleface for quick escape were thwarted by Buffalo Bill, who made known that they would camp there for the night.

A shelter was made for Red Dove by the scout, while blankets were spread for himself and the lawyer.

Meanwhile Red Dove prepared supper.

The firelight brought the rock where hid the renegade into full view, and the fumes of the supper reached his nostrils, rendering him very uncomfortable.

But then he was not seen, and he forced himself to be contented if not happy.

To attempt to escape then, with such ears and eyes as had Buffalo Bill and Red Dove within twenty feet of him, would be madness.

Even if he got down from the rock without a fall to betray him, a step upon a dry twig would do so.

After Red Dove had taken supper she retired to her little shelter to sleep, while Buffalo Bill and Mr.

Mann sat down, with their backs against the rock and began to talk.

Every word that they uttered came distinctly to his ears, though they spoke in low tones.

The lawyer went over his story completely, and having heard all, and convinced by it that the man was acting in a square way toward the Indian girl, Lone Paleface heard Buffalo Bill tell him that they would lose no time in going to the village of the Indian chief, and he, Cody, would use his influence to get him to consent that Red Dove should go East to get possession of, by proving her claim to it, the fortune left to her by her grandfather.

Lone Paleface also heard other matters discussed, that Buffalo Bill wished to return to the camp, as he had promised to aid a young lady in the search for a man who had been her father's mining partner, and whom she was assured had killed and robbed him.

"I believe I know the man, from her description of him, and he is a very hard citizen."

"I hope the lady will find him, and under your guidance, Mr. Cody, I feel sure that she will do so," said Mr. Mann.

"If the man does not find Buffalo Bill first," muttered Lone Paleface from his place of hiding on the rock. All that the two men talked of seemed to hold a fascination for him, for he listened like one whose life depended upon every word uttered.

He seemed to be deeply moved, too, for he had to stifle his hard breathing for fear it would betray his presence to his foes.

When at last Buffalo Bill and Mr. Mann retired to their blankets the man in hiding breathed more freely.

There, with a force of will power, he went to sleep, for he knew that he needed the rest.

Often he awoke, however, and the night seemed to him as though it would never end.

But at last the dawn began to appear, the camp was astir, and after a hasty breakfast Buffalo Bill and the others departed.

Lone Paleface was glad indeed of their going, but cursed bitterly when he saw the scout carrying off his horse, and his weapons swung on the horn of his saddle.

As they disappeared he felt fully his lonely and helpless condition.

But his first act was to rise and get the cramps out of his limbs after his long waiting.



His next was to free himself of his bonds.

During the night, whenever he could do so, he rubbed the thongs that bound his wrists against the sharp edges of the rocks.

It was very slow and very tedious work, and more, he rubbed the skin off his hands and wrists in the effort.

But it had worn the thongs nearly in two, and he went on in his effort to complete the task.

After an hour's longer work he felt a strand give way, and he soon slipped one hand out.

It was bleeding and painful, but what did he care for that?

He was at least free, for he quickly released the other hand.

It was hard for him not to break out in a yell of joy; but he very wisely did not do so. He slipped down from his high perch, quickly ate the leavings of the breakfast the scout and those with him had had, bathed his face and bleeding hands in the stream, and then started off at a swinging trot through the timber.

He decided to go to the nearest Indian village, where, as a renegade, he would be welcome.

There he could secure food, a blanket and a pony, if not weapons, and he would start at once on the trail of Buffalo Bill, for he would be thus certain to find Red Dove and the lawyer.

If he could capture them, with the aid of the Indians, or others whose services he could command, he would once again hold the winning hand, and, as well, have his revenge against Buffalo Bill.

The lawyer and the Indian girl he felt he could force to make terms with him.

Stopping on a hill for a moment and shaking his fist in the direction in which the scout and those he had rescued had gone, he cried in vindictive tones:

"Yes, I yet live, and you, Buffalo Bill, will find it to your sorrow, for woe be to you the next time you cross my path!"

## CHAPTER CXXX.

### IN THE INDIAN VILLAGE—TROUBLE AHEAD—A DEADLY BATTLE.

To the village of Black Bear, Buffalo Bill went with Red Dove and Markoe Mann, and the story of the maiden's capture and rescue was made known,

though the lawyer was shielded in the matter, as the scout had become convinced that he was acting really for the good of the Indian girl.

He had impressed this also upon Red Dove, so that Markoe Mann received a warm welcome from Black Bear.

The inheritance was talked over, and both Buffalo Bill and Mann convinced the chief that it was best for Red Dove to go to St. Louis and get possession of her fortune, which, if she so willed, she could spend in the improvement of her people and their comfort.

After a while, and much urging, Black Bear gave his consent, if her brother, Iron Eyes, went with her, and this was agreed to by the lawyer.

Iron Eyes, however, had not returned from his hunt, and they were compelled to await his arrival.

At last he came, and old Black Bear himself, with a large force of warriors, escorted the party to the nearest point of the Overland road where they could catch a stage, and the passengers bound East were somewhat alarmed at having the coach halted, and beholding around it a large force of Indian warriors.

They gave sighs of relief, however, when they found their scalps were safe, yet cast sly glances at their new fellow passengers, who consisted of Markoe Mann, Red Dove and Iron Eyes.

When the stage had rolled on out of sight Buffalo Bill bade farewell to Black Bear and his braves, and hastily wended his way back to Poker City.

It was growing late in the afternoon when he arrived, and the loafers had begun to assemble at the hotel and on the piazza, their favorite resort.

He was spied a long way off, and soon recognized, and the citizens of Poker City drew long breaths, for they saw that Buffalo Bill was returning, and alone, and therefore could not have been so terribly frightened by the giant sports.

That very morning the second of the pair had brought himself up even with the other's death score, and four apiece within two weeks was what they summed up, and they were therefore in a good humor.

"We have got this here town by ther tail, Blondy, fer ther hain't a man, woman or child, dare open thar heads ag'in us," said Brunette Bill to Blonde Bill, as the two sat together upon the piazza that afternoon, and their remarks were heard by scores of men who were in reality afraid of them.



"Thet are so, Brunette Billy Boy, an' we'll hev ter immigrate an' look up another sojournin' spot, whar ther fellers hes got more sand."

"Yas, an' we'll go down through ther locality whar they say thet Bill Cody feller comes from, which we skeert out o' town, fer they do say as thar is men down thar in thet part o' Kansas, thet kin out-jump, out-run, out-ras'le, out-shoot an' out-anything any other feller a-livin', an' thar is whar we live, Blondy Boy."

"I did hope to be entertained here in Poker City, an' were sartin of it, when Buffalo Bill sailed ter ther front; but he tuk cover durned quick, an' a clipped nose are all he has left ter remind us of him."

"What are thet yer say, guv'nor o' this hash factory?" and the giant turned to the landlord, who had been glancing down the valley.

"I said that Buffalo Bill was coming back."

"No."

"There he comes."

"Then we is likely ter be around," said Brunette Bill.

"Nary; he thinks we has gone, an' are coming sneakin' inter town," added Blonde Bill, with a sneer.

"Waal, whatever his game, we win," said Brunette.

"He holds a full hand of trumps, pards," said Governor Dave, gaining courage as Buffalo Bill drew nearer.

"Yas, revolvers is trumps with thet Highflyer," cried one of the crowd.

"Shet up, or I'll tarn yer toes up ter ther daisies," cried one of the giants, in answer to the last remark, and the one who had made the reckless remark quickly disappeared in the crowd.

In the meantime Buffalo Bill had reached Sloan's store, and all along the street, as he advanced, people were welcoming him with shouts and waving of hats.

"They is shoutin' fer his fun'ral," growled Brunette Bill.

"Waal, we'll atten', seein' as we pervides ther corpse," was Blonde Bill's reply.

Mounted upon his splendid jet-black horse, Midnight, Buffalo Bill came on at a swinging walk toward the hotel.

He had been by his ranch and was dressed with far more care than usual, and looked the ideal border cavalier that he was.

Straight for the hotel Buffalo Bill certainly was

coming, and his face was as serene as a May morn, and he sat in his saddle with an air of utter indifference to the style of welcome he would receive.

The shouts of those who had recognized him had ceased, and only the low hum of voices broke the silence.

Those on the hotel piazza had scattered to either side, leaving the two giants alone.

The people on either side of the street already began to move out of direct range, so that it was evident a clear field was to be left for the combatants.

There were men in the crowd who had avoided the giant sports, but now were determined, whatever might be Buffalo Bill's fate, if the trouble once began, the two desperadoes should die then and there.

The huge pards had risen, as they were left alone, and each had taken the shelter of one of the stout piazza pillars, which were trees sawed off smoothly at either end, and some feet in diameter, a fair protection for a man to dodge behind.

That Buffalo Bill was blind to all these movements, and to the fact that the giant sports were prepared for him, was not to be thought of, for his eyes were too near akin to the eagle's not to have recognized the immense forms half hidden by the piazza posts.

He had come into town without a thought of the giants; but warned by the crowd of their presence, he remembered their threats, and was also made aware that his departure from Poker City so suddenly had been construed by them into flight.

This angered him, and though he sought no difficulty with them, he was not the man to avoid one.

The "Irish Stew" was his destination, and thither he was going, and not an inch would he swerve from his purpose.

Suddenly, when within thirty paces of the piazza, he saw the sports drop their hands to their hips.

The first man he had met on the edge of the town as he came in had told him how the giants had been disporting themselves, that Poker City was terrorized by them, and that they were dead shots at any range, and had already killed four men apiece.

As Bill saw their hands drop upon their hips he seemed suddenly to decide upon some course of action, for, to the horror of everybody he wheeled to the right about and cantered down the street.

This act brought derisive laughter and yells from



the sports, and a groan from every admirer of the hero, for it looked like a clear backdown.

But he did not ride far, halting by the side of a horse that was hitched in front of Sloan's store.

It was a clay-bank mustang, and an animal he knew well, for he had sold him to the storekeeper but a couple of weeks before.

"Sloan, lend me your horse, and if he is hurt, I'll pay you double his price," said Buffalo Bill.

"All right, Cody, take him."

"If I am killed you can have Midnight."

So saying, Bill quickly transferred his saddle to the back of the claybank mustang, and springing upon him, again rode up the street toward the hotel.

The crowd that had begun to gather at his seeming flight once more around the hotel, now scattered again.

In a walk the mustang advanced, and Buffalo Bill sat in the saddle with the same indifferent air he had before shown. What his change of horses meant none could understand, and the giant sports seemed more puzzled at his strange conduct than any one else.

The upper windows of the hotel, and of the adjacent buildings were now crowned with faces, and a deathlike silence reigned upon all.

Reaching the spot where he had before turned to the rightabout, Bill called out, as he drew his horse to a halt:

"Is it war, pards, or peace?"

"It are war to ther death, an' thar goes my card; so trump it ef yer kin," shouted Brunette Bill in hoarse tones.

With the last words he threw his revolver forward and fired.

The bullet was well sent, for it turned the sombrero on Bill's head half around, as it cut through the crown, and many believed it had struck him fair, as he suddenly slipped from the saddle.

But, as his feet touched the ground, he gave a ringing cry to his mustang, that bounded forward at a run.

And, sheltered by the horse, Buffalo Bill advanced upon his foes.

Rapidly the shots rang out from the two giant sports, and the mustang snorted with fright and pain and bounded high in the air; but Bill held him on his course and at a run, and the space was soon gone over.

Then the steps were reached, and with revolvers in

each hand the giant sports fired, and with evident nervousness, for they could not bring down the mustang, and Bill, if wounded, did not show it.

Not yet had he fired, and, at a ringing cry from his lips, the wounded and terrified mustang bounded up the dozen steps leading to the piazza.

Then, upon the very top step he reared and fell dead, and springing upon his body, Buffalo Bill shouted:

"Now, I play revolvers as my trumps, pards."

In each hand he held a revolver, and each weapon seemed to flash together.

Then, down in their tracks sank the giant sports, one stone-dead, Brunette Bill, and Blonde Bill, with his weapons falling from his hands, swaying wildly and reaching out as though to grasp some object in the darkness.

Once the tigers were down the crowd rushed forward, and one man bounded to the side of the wounded and disarmed giant, who yet lived, and placed a pistol to his head.

But ere he could draw trigger there was a report, and a bullet shattered his wrist, while Buffalo Bill shouted:

"I trump your game, you accursed coward, to shoot a man on his knees."

A yell of pain broke from the lips of the wounded miner, and the crowd fell back with a rush; while Bill advanced upon Blonde Bill, as he crouched against the side of the house, bleeding from a wound along the side of his head, which seemed to have half dazed him, and said, in a kindly tone:

"Come, pard, the fight is over, and your friend has turned his toes up to the daisies; but you are hurt, and I hold no ill-will toward a man who can't strike back."

Blonde Bill put his hands to his head, as though to recall his scattered senses, and, with the aid of Bill, staggered to his feet, and then turned his eyes upon the man who had defeated him, and slain his comrade.

One look into his face was sufficient to show all that his mind was gone, for the bullet had maddened him.

"Look out, all! he's mad!"

The cry came from Governor Dave, and helter-skelter went the crowd.

But Buffalo Bill stood firm, and his dark eyes fixed



upon the madman caused him to shrink back from that gaze.

But only for one instant, and then with a wild shriek he bounded from the piazza and darted down the street, scattering the citizens of Poker City in terror from before him.

A few shots were fired at him, but none took effect, and coming suddenly upon a horseman turning a corner, he dragged him to the ground, sprang into his saddle and darted away like the wind toward the mountains.

"After him, Bill, for you are the only man that dare follow him, and your horse is the only one that can catch my mare," shouted the owner of the kidnapped animal, and who was the captain of Poker City Vigilantes.

"Then he must escape, for I am wounded and cannot follow him.

"Governor, give me a room and send for Dr. Medwin," and Bill walked into the hotel, with no sign of emotion upon his stern face, as a trace of what he had just passed through, or that he was suffering from three severe wounds received in his battle with the giant sports.

Buffalo Bill was given the best room in the Irish Stew Hotel, and there the doctor found him and remarked:

"By Jove! it was beautiful, and I congratulate you, for I certainly expected to see you pass in your chips, for the two were such devils I was sure they would euchre even you, Bill.

"Ah! now I can see how they played their cards.

"This is but a flesh wound in the shoulder, and amounts to nothing.

"This one in your side glanced on the rib just over your heart, a close deal that—no, the bone is not hurt at all, and the mark of the bullet will soon heal up.

"See, it cut its way out through your clothing!

"That one in your arm? Well, that is another lucky escape."

"This one on my left leg, doctor?" asked Bill.

"Ah! that is a little dubious. I'll probe for the bullet: Why, there it is."

"Thank you, doctor, so I am not hurt?" said Bill, smiling.

"A man with four bullet wounds not hurt?

"Well, you are game, Cody, and to a man who bears the scars as you do, I suppose you are not much hurt with these flesh wounds, which will heal in a short time."

"I have some work to do at once, so please dress them for me, and they'll not trouble me much."

The doctor did dress the wounds most skillfully, and Buffalo Bill, refusing to see the crowd that were anxious to grasp his hand, lay down to rest, after sending for the landlord.

"Dave, I wish you to send some one after that

poor, maddened fellow and fetch him back to the doctor to care for—I'll pay his bill when I return, for as soon as I can I must start on the trail of Buckskin and Miss Elsley, for they may need me."

"From what I heard her say, Bill, I guess it's the man known as Handsome Hugh, whom the Indians call Lone Paleface, she wishes to find, and, if so, he's a bad one."

"Yes, very bad."

The giant desperado was sent after and found, and in the care of the good doctor of Poker City was nursed back to life and strength.

But he was a changed man since his and his pard's battle with Buffalo Bill, and went to mining in the mountains as though taught a lesson, and glad to escape death, was willing to work hard for a living.

Buffalo Bill, as soon as he was able, set out upon the trail of Buckskin and Miss Elsley, and found them in the cabin of Lone Paleface, who was lying there desperately ill from the hardships he had endured after his escape from Buffalo Bill, bound as he was.

The end was near when Buffalo Bill arrived, and soon after the hunted man passed away, after, in a lucid moment, he had had a talk with Miss Elsley which seemed satisfactory to the lady and appeared to greatly relieve the mind of the man.

Bad as he was, he had one to shed tears over him, as Buffalo Bill and Buckskin placed him in his lonely grave, and what his secret was of the past, and sins, the woman kept locked in her heart; but the scout when he bade her good-by as the east-bound stage coach started, felt that he had done her a service she deeply appreciated.

As for the Red Dove, she, with her brother, Iron Eyes, accompanied Lawyer Markoe Mann to St. Louis, and a square man, the attorney, placed her fortune in safe hands so that the interest would make a handsome income for her.

He also placed Red Dove at a fashionable boarding-school, to be educated, and sent Iron Eyes back to his people, loaded down with presents for the old chief and all of the tribe.

Two years after Red Dove, who had come to realize that she could never win Buffalo Bill's love, married her faithful attorney, Markoe Mann, and her wedding trip was out to the far West to see her people, and it took a dozen pack horses to carry the presents she brought to the tribe, while Buffalo Bill had been written to by the lawyer, and he was the guide of the party to the mountain stronghold of the tribe.

"I am coming East some day, and will see you in your home," said Buffalo Bill, when he said good-by to the bride and her husband, and some years after he kept his word, to find a warm welcome in the house of the attorney, and Red Dove, his Indian bride.

TO BE CONTINUED.



THIS WEEK! - NEW CONTEST! - THIS WEEK

## Who Has Had the Most Exciting Adventure?

Boys, the **PRIZE ANECDOTE CONTEST** closed last week. It was one of the most successful ever conducted. The entry list ran up into many thousands. We published the best anecdotes from week to week. Boys, you did great work. Your stories were fine, and the winners richly deserve the prizes. Look in the "Prize Anecdote Department," and see for yourself what good stories the contestants turned in.

Boys, the contest was so successful that we have started another just like it.

**HANDSOME PRIZES GIVEN AWAY FOR THE BEST ANECDOTES!**

### **HERE IS THE PLAN!**

You have all had some narrow escapes, some dangerous adventures in your lives! Perhaps it was the capsizing of a boat, or the scaling of a cliff, or a close shave in a burning building, or something else equally thrilling!

**WRITE IT UP JUST AS IT HAPPENED!**

We offer a handsome prize for the most exciting and best written anecdote sent us by any reader of **BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY**. The incident, of course, must relate to something that happened to the writer himself, and it must also be strictly true.

It makes no difference how short the articles are, but no contribution must be longer than 500 words.

**THIS CONTEST WILL CLOSE FEBRUARY 1.**

Send in your anecdotes at once, boys. We are going to publish all of the best ones during the progress of the contest.

Remember: Whether your contribution wins a prize or not, it stands a good chance of being published, together with your name.

### **HERE ARE THE PRIZES:**

Two First-Class Spalding Sweaters.

Two Pairs Raymond's Roller Skates.

Five Pairs Winslow's Ice Skates.

Ten Spalding Long-Distance Megaphones.

The two boys who send us the best anecdotes will each receive a first-class Spalding Standard Athletic Sweater. Made of the finest Australian lambs' wool, exceedingly soft. Full fashioned to body and arms, and without seams of any kind. Colors: White, navy blue, black and maroon.

The two boys who send us the next best anecdotes will each receive a pair of Raymond's All Clamp Ball Bearing Roller Skates. Bearings of the finest tempered steel, with 128 steel balls. For speed no skate has ever approached it.

The five boys who send us the next best anecdotes will each receive a pair of Winslow's Speed Extension Ice Skates, with extension foot plates. These skates have detachable welded steel racing runners, also an extra set of runners for fancy skating.

The ten boys who send us the next best anecdotes will each receive a Spalding 12-inch "Long Distance" Megaphone. Made of fireboard, capable of carrying the sound of a human voice one mile, and in some instances, two miles. More fun than a barrel of monkeys.

To become a contestant for these prizes, cut out the *Anecdote Contest Coupon*, printed herewith, fill it out properly, and send it to **BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY**, care of Street & Smith, 238 William St., New York City, together with your anecdote. No anecdote will be considered that does not have this coupon accompanying it.

#### **COUPON.**

**"Buffalo Bill Weekly" Anecdote Contest.**

*Prize Contest No. 2.*

Date.....1901

Name.....

City or Town.....

State.....

Title of Anecdote.....

Watch for Announcement of the Prize Winners in the Contest just closed. Their names will appear in No. 32.



# PRIZE ANECDOTE DEPARTMENT.

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Boys, look on the opposite page and see the announcement of the new contest. We propose to make this contest the most successful and far-reaching ever conducted. It rests with you to do it, but we know that you can, because the first contest along the same lines has been a tremendous success.

We still have hundreds of articles sent in in connection with the contest just closed, and we will try to publish all the best ones before you send in your new stories. Here are some of those received this week.

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## A Hidden Danger.

(By Lynn C. Quilliams, Austin, Texas.)

It was on the 24th day of December, 1899, that my stepfather and myself started for Cedar Valley to round up a bunch of yearlings. This was at Taylor, where I lived then. The sun was hot, and it took two days to reach Cedar Valley. I was riding a black pony called Topsy.

When we got there we hired two more men to help us. While riding along in the Troutwine pasture Topsy stopped at the edge of a thicket. I spurred him, but he would not move. I pulled the brush aside, and there was a bluff about one hundred feet deep. Solid rock straight up and down, and Barter creek at the foot of it. It makes my blood run cold every time I think of it. What if Topsy had jumped off with me? This is a true story.

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## Attacked by a Dog.

(By Harold Scofield, New York City.)

One hot day about the last of August I was standing by a lamp-post, talking to a friend, when a lady approached leading a large Newfoundland dog and carrying a small Spitz dog.

All of a sudden the Newfoundland barked and broke loose from her grasp. I being the nearest one to him, he grabbed me in the side. I jumped away, but too late. His teeth sank into my flesh. The woman caught her dog and chained him, but the mischief had been done.

I did not know what happened for a few moments. My mother called me and I went upstairs and undressed, and behold! a gaping wound with blood oozing from it.

The doctor was sent for and when he came and looked at it he told me to lie down on the bed. He washed the wound and put a green stuff on it. The woman's dog that bit me was shot. I still have the mark on my body.

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## My Life in My Hands.

(By L. H. Bradshaw, Shreveport, La.)

My father never used to let me go anywhere so one night I decided I would run off and stay two or three months. I got a boy named Willie Wright to go with me. The evening we were to leave we lay at the crossing for the ten o'clock freight. My father was hunting for me with a big club, but he didn't get me.

The ten o'clock train came along, and it being the

first time I ever tried to beat my way, I sneaked alongside of the train, and got on the rods, with my partner at my side.

At the first stop the engine took on water. I had felt as safe as if I were inside. So on leaving I stayed in the same place and I began to practice the different ways of riding. I rode on one rod for three miles or more and then, when I got tired I reached back for the second.

But I lost my balance, and turned right over. I held my grip, but my feet struck the ground and there I was, dragging one foot between the rails and the other on the ties. I hung there for a quarter of a mile, and the train was making nothing less than thirty-five miles an hour. My partner was so excited that he could not assist me, and was just looking at me, his eyes sticking out of his head. At last I threw one leg over the rod and drew myself up. I was so tired when I got myself clear of the ground that I could hardly hang there; then my partner caught hold of me and helped me to hang on. I now began to tremble in every limb, and it seemed to me as if I was going to fall off again, and I prayed for the train to stop.

At last it slowed up and stopped. We were at Rayville. I dropped off, and we both said we wouldn't go any further. So we went back home. And my father was glad I didn't stay away, for he knew I had run away.

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## A Narrow Escape.

(By L. H. Bradshaw, Shreveport, La.)

Once, shortly after I had left home, my first location was at Gibson. Well, I soon got acquainted with some of the boys there, and we used to go swimming together. One day five of us were in the water. The oldest was sixteen years old, and the two youngest were each about five years old, and they couldn't swim. The three of us were in the deep water while the two little ones were further in. One of the little fellows got out where we were, and he was getting strangled.

The first we knew of it was when the other little fellow cried: "Oh, look at Nace." My two companions got excited and swam for the shore with all their might, leaving me with the drowning boy.

I plunged towards him and caught his sinking hand, as it was the only thing above water.

I was a good swimmer, so I thought I could take the child to shore. But it kept splashing water in my face and strangling me, and I was about to give up. I stretched out my feet once more, and felt for the bottom.



By good luck it was not over my head. Then I waded out with the child and laid down his limp body. Water began to run from his nose and mouth.

The other boys came to me then and we turned him over and over. At last he made a noise and then began to cry. Then I began to tremble as if I had had a chill, thinking over the danger I was in.

### A Coasting Experience.

(By Raymond G. Murphy, Schenectady, N. Y.)

I was living in a small city a few years ago. It was the custom of the boys in the vicinity to coast down a street which was long, narrow and steep. While near its base another street ran transversely to it, and was the center of much traffic.

The hill was bare in some places, but the boys remedied this by pouring water on it at night which was frozen hard the next morning. This practice rendered the hill somewhat dangerous, especially to pedestrians, who, after stepping on a slippery spot, often saw many of the smaller planets.

I was a promoter of the coasting enterprise, and for a few days met with no accidents, but my good fortune was short-lived. The next day I had just started down the hill, when a bakery wagon stopped in the middle of the street, and the driver went to a house for an order. I yelled frantically. The driver rushed to the wagon, but was unable to get out of my way soon enough. I shut my eyes expecting every moment to have my brains dashed out. The crash never came, for when I looked up I found, to my surprise, that I had glided between the front and rear wheels of the wagon. This ended coasting on that particular hill for a long time.

### A Tick-Tack Escapade.

(By Davis West, Mt. Pleasant, Pa.)

I was with a crowd of boys and we were out for a time. We were thinking of what to do to have some fun, and at last we all agreed to put a tick-tack on a house. So we got a ball of cord and a stick and a stone. We tied the stone on the end of the string, then tied a string to the stick and stuck the stick in at the end of the house with the stone hanging down at the side of the house. Every time we pulled the string the stone would fall against the house and make an awful noise. We got to the end of the string and commenced pulling it as fast as we could. There was no one but some girls and the lady of the house at home, and they came out, but could see nothing or anybody, so they went back in. Again we began to pull the string. They came out again, thinking they would find some one pounding on the house, but we stopped pulling the string, and they gave it up and went back. We kept up pulling the string till they came out three or four times. Then they got so scared they went to another house and told them all about the awful noise, and the neighbors came over to see what it was, but while they were at the other house one of the boys took the string down and we left, so that we would not be discovered. I don't know if they got over their scare that night or not. We went to three

or four houses and scared the people. Then we all decided we would go to a farmhouse out of town. So we started out to put it on the farmhouse, but the farmer had two big dogs. We went down the road a piece, then took across a field till we got almost to the house. When one of the boys was going in the yard the dogs both came out barking. As they came, we all started to run as fast as we could, but the dogs were gaining on us every step we took. We had only one big field to cross till we would be on another man's farm, and we thought the dogs would give up the chase when we crossed the fence. But before we got to the fence, one dog had one of the boys by his coat tail. He was pulling to get away and screaming at the same time, but the rest of us did not stop, we were too badly scared. We all got across the fence, but that one boy, and he made it with the loss of half his coat. The dogs then gave up the chase and went back.

We congratulated ourselves over so lucky an escape and started on our way home, but when we were half-way across this field to our surprise we found out we were in the same field with a cross bull, and it started after us with its head down, bellowing as it came. We had another run for life. We could not go the way we were going, but had to turn around and go back toward the farmhouse, so we started with the bull after us, but we made the fence in safety, and the dogs were back at the house. We did not go back, but kept along the fence till we got out on the road. Then we knew we were safe.

### Sidetracked.

(By Frank A. Booth, Montreal, Canada.)

There is a hill near the town where I used to live. It is called blackberry hill. It is a splendid slide in winter, but at one place the bank had been cut away and left a large place that we called the "bump," because the sleds used to go so fast that they would shoot through the air for about six feet. It was in winter, and after Christmas I had a splendid new sled named "Nancy Hanks." Well, I took my sled up to the top to try it for the first time. The boys had made two tracks, the one that went over the "bump" and another that went out through a gateway. I wanted to go through the gate. So I got on and was just going my fastest when I heard a cry of "Road, road," a call to get out of the way. I looked around, and not ten feet behind me was the "record breaker," a big double runner, coming on at full speed.

The track that led over the bump was a couple of yards ahead, and the bump was five yards beyond. I gave a hard movement sideways when I got to the track over the bump, and went like a flash on to the steep place. Now the men had built a fence around the base of the hill and left the gateway, but they planted a large post in the bump. I was three yards away when I discovered this and I was so startled that I fell off my sled and sent it towards the large post. I rolled over the "bump," while my sled got mashed up against the post. I picked myself up and secured the board and runners of the sled and went home downcast. But I was glad it was the sled and not I that got smashed. A few days after this a small boy got his head severely bruised the very same way.



The boys have since taken up that post, torn the fence away at that spot and now slide there. While the fence was there it was "Graveyard Gap" the second.

### Almost Burned to Death.

(By T. M. Gill, Jr., Mexico, Mo.)

Seeing your offer in the Buffalo Bill Weekly, I send you an account of a narrow escape I had. There was a livery stable burned here about three years ago. It was in the night, and I went to the fire. My pony was kept there, but they got him out. Suddenly I thought I saw my pony run in again after I had gotten him out, but as I ran in and went back to his stall he was not there. As I was coming out I could hardly see. I got too close to a stall, and a horse, suffocated with smoke, fell on my leg and broke it, and I could not get my leg out.

I thought I was gone, for the roof was about to fall. I cried for help, and as I called a bale of hay which was on fire fell on me.

I called again, and a negro came and took the hay off of me, but I was already on fire, and, just as he took the bale off of me there was a great crack. He ran out because he thought the roof was falling in, but it did not fall then. As soon as he got outside he told a man that I was in there burning to death. So he, with another man, came and put the fire out with a horse blanket, and then took the horse off my leg. But I had to be carried out, because I was so badly burned, and my leg was broken. Just as we got out the roof fell in. I was terribly burned and I have a scar on my hip and back from it yet.

### A Dangerous Jump.

(By Peter Tumbelty, Boston, Mass.)

One day a lot of boys and myself were playing jump in an old barn. We were on the roof of the barn, and the ground was about fifteen or twenty feet below and was covered with ashes. Most of the boys jumped. Another boy and myself were barefooted. The boys made fun of us and laughed at us because we would not jump. Two or three times I made a bluff to jump. One time I was going to make a bluff I ran too hard to stop and I went pell-mell into the ashes. I was not able to get up as my foot was sprained. A policeman sent for the ambulance, and I was taken to the city hospital. I had to go on crutches about a month after I came out of the hospital, and I will not take anybody's advice any more.

### A Battle in South Africa.

(By R. C. Beach, Montreal, Canada.)

The hottest and most exciting quarter of an hour of my life I spent on the morning of February 27, 1900, when our regiment (Royal Canadian Infantry), left the trenches at three a. m., and supported by the Gordon Highlanders, advanced in the darkness to catch, if possible, the wily Boer. The darkness was so intense, that our front rank men (we advanced in two lines, the rear rank carrying picks and shovels) had to hold each other

by the hand to avoid losing themselves. Of course, every noise had to be avoided if possible. Suddenly we ran against a wire, from which hung a number of tin cans. This wire the Boers had put all around their camp, and it at once gave the alarm, the tin cans jangling together. A Boer sentry fired a shot. Down we went as flat as we could, and not a minute too soon, for the entire line of Boer trenches blazed forth a deadly fire, which they kept up for a quarter of an hour. Then, however, the work of the Shropshire regiment began to tell on them. This regiment had been placed to the left with orders to fire volleys as soon as we were fired on, to draw the fire from us. And rattling good company volleys they were, too, crashing through the shrub and compelling the Boers to keep down.

Meanwhile, our boys had dug the trench, and when morning dawned we commanded the protected angle of Cronje's defenses, and they surrendered. I can truthfully say that those fifteen minutes under that hell-fire of the Boers, at a range of forty yards, in the darkness, with the groans of the wounded ringing in our ears on all sides, were the most exciting I ever went through.

### My Adventure with an Alligator.

(By Harry Brown, Fordham, N. Y.)

One day last summer my friend and I were hunting for birds in Bronx Park. We had met with very little success, and it was very hot, so we agreed to go down to the river and rest ourselves. We sat down on a small log nearby, and my friend took his knife out and stuck it into the log. All at once the log seemed to become endowed with life, and started toward the river. For a few moments we were two very much astonished boys, but as soon as we could recover our scattered senses we found that our supposed log was an alligator about seven feet long. We fired at the retreating alligator, but our small rifles could not do any damage to the hard-skinned reptile. We found out afterward that it had escaped from the Zoo nearby, and it was afterward captured.

### A Hold-Up in the Woods.

(By James Malley, New York City.)

Once while in a certain woods on Staten Island with three friends of mine, we met three men who walked on past us and then followed us until we were in the thickest part of the wood. Then they jumped upon us. I being the second smallest fainted and when I recovered I found myself gagged and one of the men standing over me with a knife in his hand. I tried to scream, but I was not able, I was so frightened, but just then one of the other boys struck the man a stinging blow on the head, and then set me free. I got up and ran away screaming, but the men followed after us, and we were almost at the end of the woods when two of us tripped (I being one of them) over a barbed wire fence and thus the men almost captured us again, when we saw a policeman coming and yelled for assistance.

He gave chase to the men and succeeded in capturing one of them who was wanted for a robbery in St. Louis.



# BOYHOODS OF FAMOUS MEN.

This department contains each week the story of the early career of some celebrated American. Watch for these stories and read them, boys. They are of the most fascinating interest.

Those already published are: No. 1—Buffalo Bill; No. 2—Kit Carson; No. 3—Texas Jack; No. 4—Col. Daniel Boone; Nos. 5 and 6—David Crockett; No. 7—General Sam Houston; Nos. 8 and 9—Lewis Wetzel; No. 10—Capt. John Smith.

## No. 11.—Capt. John Smith,

*The Celebrated Indian Fighter and Founder of the Colony of Virginia.*

*(Continued from Last Week.)*

Last week's article told of the boyhood of this celebrated man from his birth in England up to the time when he joined the Austrian army and set out to fight the Turks. When we left him, John Smith, then scarcely more than a boy, had just offered a suggestion for an attack on the Turkish stronghold. The commander had so much confidence in the young fellow that he told him to go ahead.

The Turks were divided into two bodies of ten thousand men each, and a small river flowed between them.

The army under the Austrian commander, Baron Kessel, with whom young Smith was fighting, consisted of only ten thousand in all.

Young Smith's idea was to palsy one body of the enemy with fear and then suddenly fall upon the other, and rout them in the confusion. The river was all in favor of his project, too.

Taking, therefore, several small cords, a hundred fathoms long, and fastening to them some three thousand matches, or fuses filled with powder, he ordered them all to be stretched and fired simultaneously just before the assault on the town, so as to deceive the body of the enemy across the river with the idea of a sudden attack upon themselves.

The plan proved quite as successful as he could have wished. While part of the Austrian army was making a vigorous onset upon one-half of the Turks, the other half stood ready and waiting for the approach of those mysterious warriors from over the river.

Exactly at the right moment, too, the garrison marched out of the town upon their besiegers, who, in effect but ten thousand strong now, found themselves hemmed in between the fires of two fierce and exasperated armies.

They ran about in the direst confusion, seeing the fatal trap into which they had fallen. Some tried to cross the river to their companions, and were drowned in making the attempt. Thousands of them were slain by their enemy, and thousands more fled in deepest dismay. Meanwhile the deluded half of the Turkish army stood waiting for the coming on of the fictitious soldiers with their imaginary musketry, unable to extend to their comrades the relief which for the brief moment of the crisis would have been so valuable.

The Turks retired with shame and confusion from the place of their late encampment, leaving the vigilant victors in undisputed possession of the town and its vicinity. John Smith was forthwith made captain of a com-

pany of two hundred and fifty horse for his ingenious and valuable services in this affair, and received an abundance of other favors and rewards besides. He was known to the whole army as a man of superior daring and undisputed courage and bravery.

The young captain won a great deal of fame in this war. Among other things, he fought three personal combats with three champions of the enemy, and each time he came out victorious, killing his opponent.

The victorious Austrian army made a great hero of him, and gifts were showered upon him.

It is very uncertain how Smith got back to England again. We simply know that he was there about the time when the project of colonizing North America was talked of so generally, and that his enthusiastic and courageous spirit most naturally led him to sympathize with the bold plans that were then set on foot.

On December 19, 1601, he set sail for America, with a party of adventurers. They landed at that section that is now Virginia, and proceeded to explore the country.

Smith was now twenty-five years old, and although his further adventures belong to the period of his manhood, still one encounter he had with the Indians will show how dauntless his spirit was even at that comparatively early age.

He had set out to explore the Chickahominy River, and when he had sailed fifty miles up the river he found his course impeded by shoals. So he went ashore and obtained assistance from the Indians that he found in plenty all about him. They lent him a light canoe, and furnished a couple of their tribe to row it wherever he desired. And, taking along with him two men from his own boat, he left the others in charge, cautioning them not to go on shore during his absence, nor to hold communication with any one from the bank until his return.

Twenty miles further up the Indian canoe floated them, shooting swiftly and silently along the dark stream. His watchful eye noted all the landmarks on the shores, and his observation was as acute as it had ever been in any of his wanderings before. Finally, when they had gone as far as they could well go, and after having fought their way through all such tough opposition as sunken logs and interlacing tree branches offered, he took one of the two Indians on shore with him, leaving the two white men with the other Indian behind in the canoe. He enjoined his companions to be continually on the lookout, and, if any danger threatened, to fire a single musket immediately. He proposed himself merely



to go ashore for a little while with his Indian guide, and learn what the nature of the country was, and, if possible, find the headwaters of the rapidly-narrowing stream.

Hardly twenty minutes had he been in the forest with his guide when the latter suddenly set up a shrill and unearthly cry, called the warwhoop, bringing the bold explorer to his wits in amazing quick time. Fearing, from this strange conduct of the Indian, that some great danger was at hand, he instantly seized him and held him fast, and, without another moment's hesitation, took off his own garter and bound the treacherous rascal's arm tightly to his own. At the same instant an arrow struck him on the thigh, but without force enough to do him any injury. He saw now that he was waylaid, and that his guide had been only his betrayer. He determined that, if he was fired at by the savages his copper-colored companion should, at least, take an equal chance of harm along with him; and so he kept holding the fellow before him all the while, thrusting him between his own breast and the enemy like a shield.

It was not long before the whole Indian ambush discovered itself, and he saw already two bows bent to discharge their arrows at him. He seized the pistols from his belt, and gave the enemy a quick volley, that rather interfered with their purposes. The Indians—of whom there now appeared a large number—pretty soon began to press forward upon him, compelling him to use all the dexterity he could command to keep them at bay. They were afraid of his pistols, and that was a great deal in his favor. Besides, he took constant care to keep the Indian guide between himself and them. They would be very loth to get possession of the adventurer's scalp at the price of the life of one of their own number.

In this state of affairs an Indian chief named Opechancanough, came up, with a large party of two or three hundred warriors. Smith knew then that his last chance of escape had vanished, yet he showed not a whit less courage and self-possession than before. They began to shoot their arrows carefully at him, and he fired at them in return with his pistols. They would not come near enough to him to be within the reach of his pistol shots, and he adroitly managed to interpose his own Indian between himself and their arrows.

Seeing that he stood the test of bravery so well, they held a parley. If he would at once surrender they promised that he should receive no harm. They told him that the two white men in the canoe were killed, and that he could escape their fate only by submitting peacefully to his capture.

Smith was not a little staggered to hear of the death of his two companions, but he utterly refused to listen to any proposal to give himself up. As they talked, first on this side and then on that, he likewise kept slowly retreating, and drawing his Indian shield after him, step by step.

The savages pressed on perseveringly, though they were as careful as ever to keep out of the reach of his weapons. And, as he went on in this backward style, facing only his enemies, and careless of the path behind him, suddenly the soft ground yielded beneath his feet, and down, down he sank in the depths of a wet and cold morass, that must have formed one of the looked-for sources of the Chickahominy River. Of course he

dragged in the treacherous Indian guide after him, and there they were together, floundering in the water and bog mud quite up to their armpits.

It was folly to think of holding out any longer. A surrender was all that could have been expected. So he threw his weapons from him upon the ground, in token of submission, and immediately after they drew him out of his uncomfortable bed, covered all over with mud and water, and shivering with the cold. Had it not been for the rest of the party that he left in the boats, all this might never have happened. In both the canoe and the boat his cautions to them had been utterly unheeded. Those in the boat went on shore almost as soon as he had fairly landed, and got out of sight; they were insane with the idea of themselves striking upon some sudden passage to the South Sea, or of finding somewhere in the forest a mountain of glittering gold. Of course they were surprised by Opechancanough and his party, for his wary spies had had their eyes upon them from the beginning. All of them but one managed to reach the boat again in safety, and make off in haste from the shore; but this one was doomed to pay the penalty for the presumption of the remainder with his life. He begged them not to kill him, and promised, if they would not, to tell them of the whereabouts of the rest. Having extorted this intelligence from him, they cruelly put him to death by tearing one limb after another from him, and then burning him in the fire.

They then hurried on after Smith and his two white companions in the canoe. These two men had gone on shore, likewise, and built a fire to warm themselves; and, while they sat before its cheering blaze, dozing and nodding from the effects of their exposure, the savages fell upon them with their arrows, and made very short work with their lives indeed. Of course the other Indian, who had been left in the canoe, apprized his companions of the route Smith had taken, and very soon after they came upon him and his waylayers, just as has been described.

When Smith was fairly clear of the swamp into which he had fallen, and after they had shown signs of treating him with some consideration, he presented his pocket compass to the chief, explaining, as he best could, its shifting mysteries. The appearance of the long, slender needle, dancing so delicately to and fro beneath the glass, excited the savage's deepest astonishment and wonder. Smith took some pains to interest him with this toy as long as he could, and then made him a present of it, telling him what wonderful things it would do for him while coursing in the trackless forests or paddling his canoe between the banks of the running rivers. But, as soon as the wonder of the chieftain was exhausted, he suffered his warriors to lay hold on their prisoner and bind him to a tree. Smith knew what was coming, and he remembered that, in his parleying fight, he had himself slain three of their own number. Only death stared him at that moment in the face.

The savages each put an arrow on his bowstring, and then all stood back in a circle as if to shoot him, taking deliberate aim at various parts of his body. But Smith betrayed nothing like fear. If his time to die had really come, then he had nothing more to say. Resistance was not to be thought of; and, as for begging for his life, it was the last thing in the world that he would do.



But that was just what they wished to make him do. They had no intention of shooting him; their object being simply to see how long his courage would hold out. And, having once ascertained all they sought to know on that point, at the nod of their chief they dropped their weapons at their side, and, speedily loosening his bands, conducted him to the fire which they had kindled for his comfort. At the fire he saw the dead body of one of the two men whom he left in the canoe, pierced with countless arrows. They took the best of care of him after this, driving off the chills, and supplying him with as much food as he desired to eat. They knew he was a person of mark among the white settlers, and that was the reason why he was spared from the fate that had befallen his more unfortunate followers.

Yet he did not know, after all, what his fate was to be; perhaps an immediate and sudden death would be far better than the doom for which he was reserved.

After a few days the savages took up their march with him through their several villages. As they walked onward through the depths of the gloomy forest, a sturdy Indian holding on by each wrist, and the chief following not far behind, it was a scene well calculated to arouse even the dullest imagination. Whenever they came in sight of one of their villages, they set up such hideous cries and yells as brought out all the women and children to meet them in a body. Traversing the region after this most unheard-of style, they at length reached the village called Orapakes. Here Smith was secured in a wigwam, and every avenue to escape carefully guarded against.

Orapakes was a village where Powhatan used to dwell at some particular portions of the year.

Captain Smith was in continual dread of his life while Opechancanough kept him a prisoner, believing that he was only being fattened and reserved for the celebration of some of their future orgies. The thought kept him in a state of such suspense that he could scarcely shut his eyes to sleep at night. To deck the triumph of a savage prince was no part of his choice, if his choice could even be said to lie that way. His present captivity was bad enough, but there might be things, he imagined, even worse than that.

When, at length, all the preparations were made, Smith was led from the retreat where till this time he had been kept, and brought before the august personage for whom all this pomp had been undertaken. Powhatan was seated on his throne, with his dusky retinue around him. The place fixed upon for the interview was in the very depths of the forest, with only the grand old trees encircling them, and the deep blue sky overhead. Hundreds of savages stood crowded near their chieftain, lending a picturesque beauty, fearful even as it was, to the strange and impressive scene. Immediately about the royal chief sat, or reclined, Indian maidens, wonderful for their free and natural grace, throwing a wild charm over the place by their presence, and looking on as deeply interested spectators of the imposing interview. The several groups that helped carry out the solemnity of the occasion were attired and ornamented as only Indians know how to attire and ornament themselves—some with feathers, some with beads, clad with skins and curiously bedecked blankets, and all painted a bright and brilliant red.

He received his sentence in the presence of the multitude, all listening and looking on with savage intensity. The decree was, that he be carried forth to die without further delay.

Within the circle described by the gathering of the dusky multitude, two huge stones were brought, and placed immediately before Powhatan. An eager and excited crowd then laid violent hold on him, and forthwith dragged him to the spot. Across one of the stones they laid his head. A few stalwart savages, with huge clubs, then took their stations silently near their victim, ready to obey the imperial nod that would have dashed out his brains before the whole assembly.

Smith lay perfectly calm upon the ground, having given over every hope of his safety now, and feeling altogether resigned to his dreadful fate. It was certainly a moment of the most intense anguish even for his brave soul. He was only awaiting the fall of the fatal club on his head, yet was ignorant when the silent order might be given, and the deadening blow be struck.

In that single moment he must have lived a hundred common lives, by the crowded intensity of his feelings.

Powhatan was just ready to make the fatal sign of death, when out from the silent group of females ran the figure of a little girl, but ten or twelve years old, and darted almost as rapidly as thought in the direction of the condemned and prostrate prisoner. Quicker than the whole occurrence can be told, she sprang forward between those uplifted clubs of the executioners and the head of their intended victim, and threw herself upon his devoted neck, encircling it affectionately with her arms. There was a sudden outcry of wonder from the savage multitude at so novel and unexpected an event, and all eagerly strained their gaze to learn who the damsel was that had taken so strange an interest in the prisoner. They looked, and saw that it was Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of their mighty king! Then they turned their eyes upon his majestic countenance, unsettled in their opinion as to how he would brook such an unheard-of interference with his mandates. Though he was deeply moved by what he saw, his face betrayed nothing of the kind. He sat with as calm and rigid an exterior as ever.

Pocahontas was the idol of her royal father. A boon that she had dared in this manner to crave, it was next to impossible to refuse. The perfect artlessness with which she begged it, the open and flowing bravery with which the act was accompanied, the childlike faith which she seemed to have in her own ability to protect the prisoner all wrought with so much effect on the stony natures of both her parent and the chieftains, that the former soon yielded to the power of the new influence, and her prayer for mercy was once more heard. The decision was reconsidered—the sentence was revoked. Smith was raised from his posture on the ground and presented as a slave to the innocent maiden whose interposition had saved his life.

It was not long after when Powhatan formed such a friendship for Captain Smith that he gave him his liberty and restored him to his friends.



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